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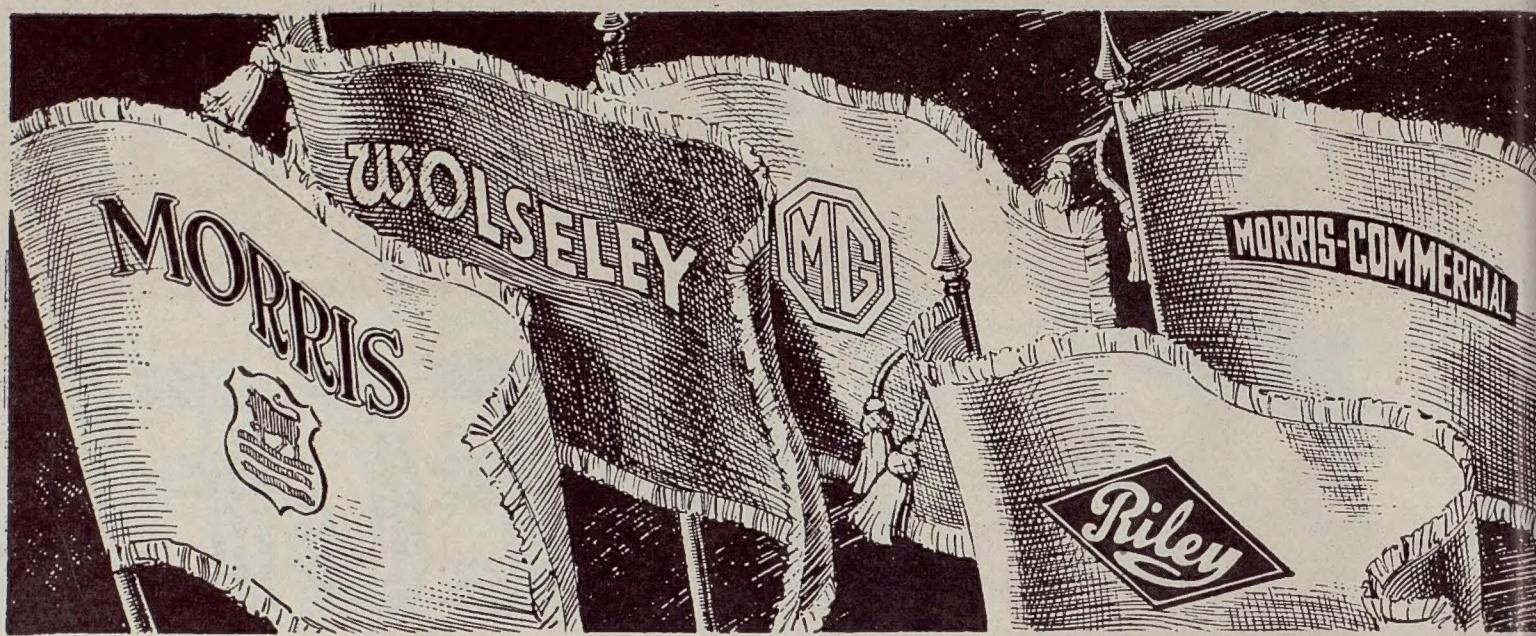
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Miss Compton Collier

The Hon. Mrs. Hamilton-Russell and Her Son

This young man is the eight-months-old son of Major the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Hamilton-Russell, and grandson of Viscount Boyne. His father, who is in the 17th/21st Lancers, is Lord and Lady Boyne's second son. His mother was the Hon. Pamela Cayzer before her marriage in 1939, and is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Rotherwick. Mrs. Hamilton-Russell and her son were photographed while they were staying with her mother at Tylney Hall, in Hampshire. Major Hamilton-Russell's elder brother, the Hon. Gustavus Hamilton-Russell, who was in the Grenadier Guards, was killed in action in June, leaving a nine-year-old son, who becomes heir to his grandfather's Irish viscounty



Way of the Win

By "Foresight"

Vichy Proves Obstinate

IT begins to look as though Hitler is finding increasing difficulty in handling German relations with France. Obviously he could occupy the rest of the country by force, for what is left of the French Army has been disarmed. But it is now known that were he to do so Marshal Pétain would resign and Admiral Darlan, who ranks second in the State only to the marshal, would proceed at once to North Africa, accompanied by General Huntziger. There, with General Weygand, they would set up a new French Government.

At that moment it should be possible to bring about a reconciliation between General de Gaulle's Free French Movement and this new French Government. That would be desirable for all concerned. It must be remembered, after all, that de Gaulle, in addition to commanding several well-equipped divisions and a useful little navy and air force, is now the administrator of territories in Africa with a population of some twenty millions.

Perhaps the best way of stirring General Weygand's North Africa into a resumption of hostilities would be to find means of throwing the Free French divisions into the battle now being waged by the Allies against Italy. They would certainly be more useful there than

unemployed, as they now are, in West Africa. In any event Hitler is bound to take all these possibilities into account when he is determining how best to proceed in his handling of Vichy.

Pétain's Only Card

BRIEFLY expressed the facts I have just stated constitute Marshal Pétain's only strong card in a game he is now playing with rising courage. In every respect the Vichy Government is under German domination. It cannot move a finger without the consent of its German masters. But the peculiar situation which has developed in North Africa gives Pétain, Darlan and Huntziger the possibility for warning Berlin of the unfortunate consequences which might attend certain courses of action.

Last week the London newspapers revealed that a large part of the French fleet which had been lying off Toulon was in process of being transferred to North African ports. German assent to these orders must have been obtained, on one pretext or another, and we may yet find that the actual intention is for a trial of strength with General de Gaulle in Africa. But it is, on the whole, much more probable that what lay at the back of Admiral Darlan's mind was the intention to place these vessels out of German reach.

Admiral Darlan, incidentally, is a curious character, but broadly speaking, is liked and respected by all the French Navy. From the British standpoint it is a pity that he should cherish a profound hatred for the British Navy. But this hatred did not prevent him from declaring very recently that the sole hope of French survival lay in the victory of the British Empire. It is not to be expected that France will take up arms again in the present war except to resist further depredations. But even the knowledge that there would be resistance, and notably in Africa, is source of satisfaction to ourselves.

No Use for Politicians

ALLIANCE with France had been the basis of our policy for so long that it was clearly dictated by fundamental needs. Those needs persist no less because France was struck out from the list of active combatants early in the war. We shall not be able to tackle the reconstruction of Europe after it has been swept clear of the Nazi-Fascist plague without French collaboration. For this simple reason, I feel, the development of affairs and opinions in France continue to be of supreme interest today.

All our reports coming in from France show that opinion throughout the country, occupied and unoccupied, is clarifying. And it assumes not so much a "pro-British" tinge as a deep hope that Britain, aided by her dominions and the United States, will succeed in defeating Germany and her satellites. There is, however, one noticeable and most interesting feature of French opinion. It is the cardinal matter on which, seemingly, there is no difference among almost every class but the professional politicians.

Nobody in France has any use for any one who has been even remotely connected with



The City on Fire—a Blaze Tremendous Enough to Read By Several Miles Away

While Monday's newspapers were printed below a raging inferno that stretched from Fleet Street to the east, north and south, far away in Belgravia and South Kensington it was light enough to read Sunday's papers by the sky-high reflection. This picture, taken across the river at the height of the raid, shows St. Paul's, which was ringed by fires, on the right; the slender tracery of the spire of St. Bride's, one of the eight Wren churches destroyed, though the spire still stood next day; and behind the dome of the Old Bailey, where damage was also done

the practice of politics under the old regime. It would be as useless to base theories for the future on the return to power of such excellent men as M. Paul Reynaud or M. Dautry, the virtually non-political Minister of Munitions, as to think that the now discredited M. Laval or the dubious M. Flandin could command popular support in the country.

I think General de Gaulle has noted this important reaction in France. It may explain much of his obvious reluctance to accept collaborators at the head of his movement. But neither de Gaulle nor any other Frenchman could tell you today to what regime they will turn when, once again, they have the power to put their own house in order.

For the time being the soldiers and sailors, and perhaps those descendants of the former royal house who have kept clear of politics have the best chance of commanding public confidence.

Britain's New Ally

WE have entered upon the New Year with a new and immensely powerful ally; the United States. No other interpretation of President Roosevelt's New Year broadcast is possible. True, she remains for the present non-belligerent, and there are many Americans and some British, too, who feel that she will not be able to give the maximum of her aid within the requisite short period unless she declares herself to be at war.

Certainly speed is of prime importance if the enemy is to be defeated before he can succeed in bringing down the whole world in ruins around him. But we can at least feel an immense sense of satisfaction in the knowledge that our ally stands there ready to play her part. And is it not all the more satisfactory when that knowledge comes at the very moment when the enemy's principal ally is obviously tottering towards inevitable collapse or eclipse?

One does not know yet the exact date or manner of Lord Halifax's departure to take up his new post as Ambassador to Washington. He will probably leave at about the end of the month or early in February. I suspect, in addition, that he will take with him everything necessary to ensure that receptions at the Embassy will be affairs of considerable pomp, conducted in a setting calculated to recall that he comes as the representative of a great Imperial Power. It would be fitting that he should proceed on his way in a battleship, with appropriate escort. I am at least certain that he will not, on this first occasion, travel as an ordinary passenger on the transatlantic air line.

Saving the Empire

WHILE Lord Halifax goes to the United States as an ambassador of the greatest goodwill, he will find the need for some firmness, too. Probably it is not the intention of the average American citizen to add to the dominion of that great country as part of the price which can be extorted for the help Britain so clearly needs. But negotiations in Washington are frequently conducted on a Wall Street basis as the Colonial Secretary has been finding in the discussions about naval bases.

The arrival, for example, of an American garrison of 20,000 men in Trinidad would have created a furore among the British population. Even though one gathers that this figure has been cut down by a little more than half, there will still be many to wonder whether, in the long run, British sovereignty will be preserved. It is on such matters that an ambassador of Lord Halifax's standing and Imperial experience will be able to uphold the British viewpoint without giving offence.

At the Foreign Office

THERE can be no doubt that Mr. Anthony Eden has greatly increased in stature during recent years. He matured late, perhaps. The fact remains that he now combines the energy and enthusiasms of his earlier years with a more confident courage and a steadier judgment. Already there are clear signs that he will not be content to sit with folded hands at the Foreign Office, but will initiate policy on very definite lines.

It is a fortunate thing that he should have paid that recent extensive visit to Egypt and the Sudan, for much of his time as Foreign Secretary will inevitably be occupied with matters affecting the future of North Africa. The day may not be far off when he will feel it necessary to tell the Italian people frankly that they have lost their African Empire, but that Britain, after victory, will do her best to restore the independence of the Italian State, which ere then will almost certainly have been overrun by the Germans.

Within the next two or three months we may expect to see the Black Emperor back in Addis Ababa, and the Italian dream of an Ethiopian Empire will be at an end. In time, too, we shall see the Italians cleared out of Libya and that country controlled either by Egypt alone or under an Anglo-Egyptian condominium.

What part, if any, France will play in all that area must, of course, depend on the course and rate of her own evolution from chaos to a

new order. On all such matters the view of the Foreign Office will now be heard in the War Cabinet advanced with much greater emphasis and determination.

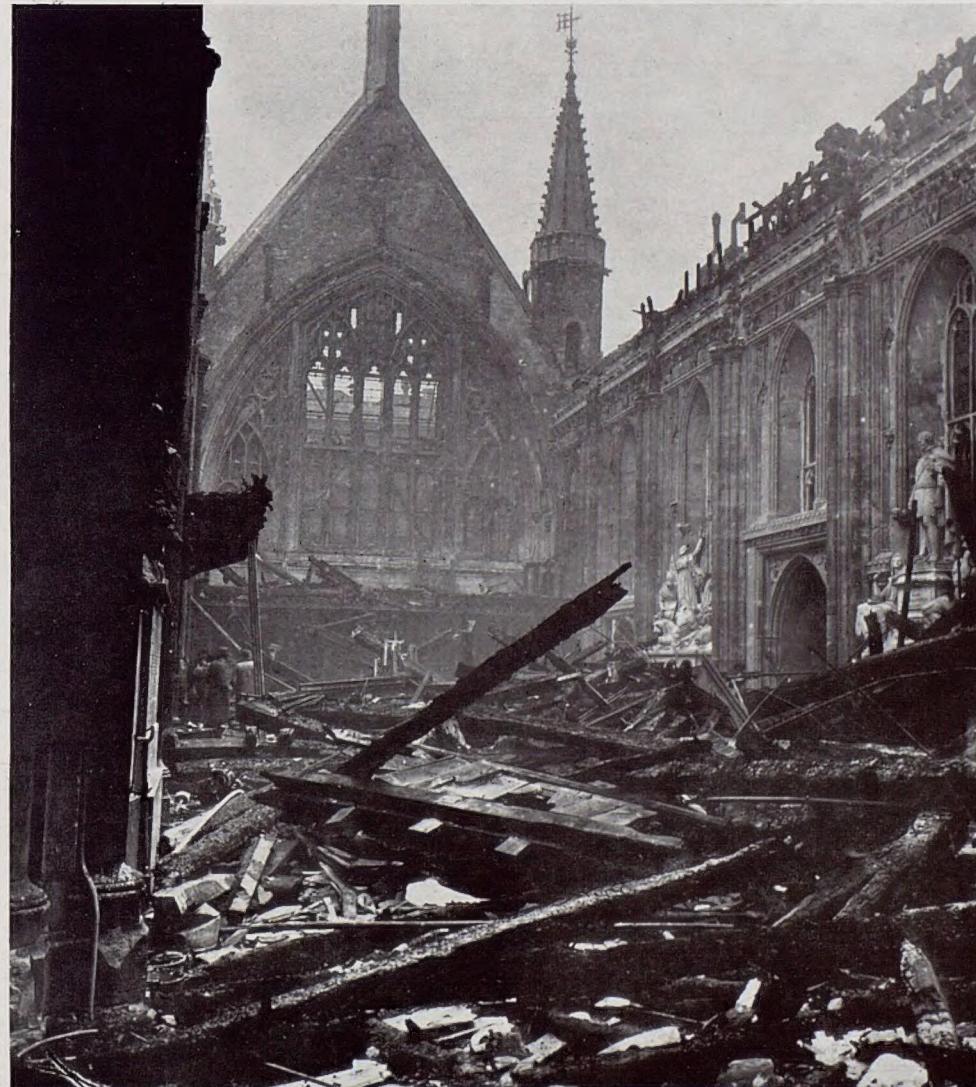
War Office New Broom

GENERAL comment during last week seems to endorse the view I expressed in these notes that Captain David Margesson will prove an excellent successor to Mr. Anthony Eden at the War Office.

Despite the great energy and ability of its Civil Service chief, Sir James Grigg, War Office reorganisation has not progressed as many hoped. It is notoriously one of the most cumbersome bits of machinery in Whitehall, and so far none of its Secretaries of State has succeeded in combing out the mass of non-essential dead wood which clutters up its operation. Perhaps Captain Margesson will succeed where others have failed.

I heard a facetious suggestion put forward the other day that the Government should set up a Department of Dead Wood, to which might be transferred all those servants of the State who cannot be dismissed because they have committed no offence, yet who succeed by their inefficiency in holding up the tempo of our efforts to an unendurable degree. The point is one which Sir Horace Wilson, Permanent Head of the Civil Service, might add to the long list of urgent proposals which

(Concluded on page 70)



The Wreck of Guildhall

The Great Hall was the first part of the building to catch fire when sparks and burning wood were blown on to the roof from St. Lawrence Jewry. Now it stands open to the sky, full of charred beams, twisted girders, fallen masonry. At the west end the famous figures of Gog and Magog were destroyed, but the monument to Wellington on the north wall was almost unscathed. That in honour of Lord Nelson, beside it, lost the head of its recumbent figure. But Britannia and the lion stand as before

Myself at the Pictures

The Year's Best and Worst Films

By James Agate



"About 'Rebecca', I find it difficult to speak without impatience"

"Rebecca"; Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine; director, Alfred Hitchcock; American, from Daphne Du Maurier's novel; shown in June. In this group are Nigel Bruce, Laurence Olivier, Joan Fontaine, George Sanders, Judith Anderson. Mr. Agate liked Miss Fontaine as Mrs. de Winter and Judith Anderson as Mrs. Danvers, the housekeeper



"The film which I enjoyed most"

"The Shop Around The Corner": stars, James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan; director, Ernst Lubitsch; American; shown last May



"It was a good film"

"Of Mice and Men": Betty Field, Burgess Meredith, Lon Chaney, Jr.; producer, Lewis Milestone; director, Hal Roach; American, from John Steinbeck's novel and play; shown in April

THIS is the season when film critics relate themselves to their note-books and firesides, and jot down the best films of the year, or the best bits of film acting, or even the best feats of film directing. I imagine that our really swell critics can do this sort of thing out of their heads and without need to turn up old articles.

"Ah, but undoubtedly," I imagine some eminent lady musing aloud, "ah, but undoubtedly the year's best film was *How Wet is My Umbrella!* I remember because I was wearing my new pan-velvet trouserines, and it came on to rain."

My situation is less happy. Unless I refer to my note-books I do not think I could recall more than three films I have seen this year—and two of these only because I hated them with an exceeding hate.

ONE of our lady novelists has recently described her heroine as "mysterious, wilful girl! Elusive, maddening, vexatious girl! So brilliant, so odd, so utterly incalculable! So tall and indolent, so scornful, so lovely—so damnable unattainable!" Whereupon the literary critic of our highest-browed weekly had the comment, "In other words, a tedious, attitudinising, selfish little bitch." Them's my sentiments exactly with regard to Scarlett O'Hara, the heroine of that, to me, intensely irritating film *Gone With the Wind*. I could see nothing in that young woman beyond the pert and common devastator of footmen's hearts in the more expensive kind of servants' halls.

The next worst film of the year seemed to me to be *Pride and Prejudice*, with Mr. Bennet cheapening "Let the other young ladies have time to exhibit," to "Give the other young ladies a chance to make exhibitions of themselves," and Mrs. Bennet gambolling about like the wild western mother of five new-married cowboys rather than the English mother of five marriageable daughters, and the Wickhams coming home in a coach and six, horns and outriders like an advertisement for Bertram Mills's Circus.

The film which I enjoyed most, and need no prompting to remember was *The Shop Around the Corner*, which I fancy was directed by Lubitsch—an enormous compliment, since I am normally totally indifferent to who directs what.

TURNING up my notes I was a little surprised to find that *Of Mice and Men* belongs to this year. I should have placed it earlier. It was a good film.

And I suppose that *The Grapes of Wrath* was a good film, too. But did one want to spend a whole evening with those unamusing backwoodsmen and backwoodswomen, smelling of hen-runs, sheep dip and old goloshes? I didn't, though I confess I am singular in this respect. Most English filmgoers dote on these American old boys with no collar, one tooth and three weeks' stubble.

A kindred taste is that for films like *Our Town*, where having no story to tell is hailed as a new method of story telling. "Now then, Elmer, let the gentleman photograph the seat of your trousers! Come, Judy, stop scratching your head and wave your toothbrush!" Pictures like this may represent what Robbie Burns called "the true pathos and sublime of human life." But they are appallingly dull to watch.



"My difficulty was that I could not see how Mickey Rooney was going to grow up into Spencer Tracy"

"Young Tom Edison": Mickey Rooney, with George Bancroft and Fay Bainter; director, Norman Taurog; American; shown in September



"Edison The Man": Spencer Tracy; director, Clarence Brown; American, sequel to "Young Tom Edison"; shown in October



"A first-class documentary"
"The Magic Bullet": Edward G. Robinson as Dr. William Dieterle; Ruth Gordon as his wife; director, Paul Ehrlich; American; shown in September

ABOUT *Rebecca* I now find it difficult to speak without impatience. First I reviewed the novel, then I saw the play with Celia Johnson, then the film with Joan Fontaine, then the play with Barbara Mullen, and then the film again still, as far as I remember, with Joan Fontaine! I now declare that the best performance of this piece is one given by Joan Fontaine, Owen Nares, Ronald Ward, and whatever American film actress played the housekeeper.

Gaslight is another film I seem to have been frequently seeing, and I here and now declare its immense inferiority to the play, whether that play has been performed in some London suburb, the West End or at Oxford. I just couldn't believe that charming Diana Wynyard cared whether she was going to be murdered or not.

Ninotchka showed that Garbo's laugh is the most mirthless thing in two hemispheres; an empty horse collar with nobody grinning through it is funnier.

The Earl of Chicago was obviously never intended to do anything except stand or fall by Robert Montgomery's charm, and I think that on the whole it stood.

I am afraid I shall get into terrible hot water for saying that with me a little of *Pinocchio*, like the British Army, goes a dashed long way. I thought it was preposterously overdone, and made too much of. If we are to have a whole evening of this boy-and-girl stuff with a musical setting, why not do it really well and send a cameraman and a sound-recording apparatus to Covent Garden to make a picture of *Hansel and Gretel*?

IT would be interesting to know at what date this making a fuss of puppets first became fashionable. The other day I came across a letter by Oscar Wilde. He wrote:

"There are many advantages in puppets. They never argue. They have no crude views about art. They have no private lives. We are never bothered by accounts of their virtues, or bored by recitals of their vices; and when they are out of an engagement they never do good in public, or save people from drowning, nor do they speak more than is set down for them. They recognise the presiding intellect of the dramatist, and have never been known to ask for their parts to be written up. They are admirably docile, and have no personalities at all. I saw lately, in Paris, a performance by certain puppets of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, in M. Maurice Boucher's translation. Miranda was the image of Miranda, because an artist had so fashioned her; and Ariel, because so had she been made. Their gestures were quite sufficient, and the words that seemed to come from their little lips were spoken by poets who had beautiful voices. It was a delightful performance, and I remember it still with delight, though Miranda took no notice of the flowers I sent her after the curtain fell."

AND now I must be completing my list. My difficulty with the two *Edison* films was that I could not see how Mickey Rooney was going to grow up into Spencer Tracy.

North-West Passage was a film of magnificent adventure—the sort of thing that sets pew-openers lustng after the virgin jungle.

The Magic Bullet was a first-class documentary about a subject of national importance in which Edward G. Robinson gave a fine performance.

Foreign Correspondent was good Hitchcockery, and Sacha Guitry's picture about the nine bachelors struck me as being a dud, and likewise a flop.

What about *The Postman Always Rings Twice*? This is easily answered. I got the impression that he only rang once.



"Good Hitchcockery"

"Foreign Correspondent": director, Alfred Hitchcock (in the picture above); stars, Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, Herbert Marshall; American; shown in the autumn

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

"Aladdin" (Coliseum)

So far as the West End goes, this Christmas pantomime, being the one and only, may safely be described as "unrivalled" and "the best in town." Its greatest virtue is that it preserves continuity. We who were brought up on pantomime and love it because we understand it want it to go on as long as we do. Those who were not brought up on pantomime cannot possibly understand it. I have never met an American who could make head or tail of this Christmas ceremony and who did not think us just a little mad for persisting in it. Perhaps we are.

But the world would be a boring place if people were not just a little mad. When they are excessively mad, it can, as we know, become rather too engrossing.

WELCOME, then, once more to Aladdin in the person of Jean Colin, who is so refined that she would, perhaps, be better cast as Principal Girl than as Principal Boy. I like my Principal Girls ever so refined, my Principal Boys just a wee bit common, so that you feel they really would knock an intruder down. But Love at the Coliseum is as Love in a Christmas pantomime should be, Miss Colin and Miss Corda singing "I never look for signposts when you are by my side"—it wouldn't be much use nowadays if they did.

Topicality, all the same, runs riot in the

comic scenes, which quickly introduce us to the Pekin Balloon Barrage Corps. Widow Twankey's dog is hailed as "Spotter" and wears a tin hat. "Who's been going into MY shelter?" asks Jerry Verno after the fashion of the Three Bears. There are shelter jokes innumerable, even Abanazar's Curse opening with the couplet, "May your nose grow as long as an elephant's trunk, May you sleep in a shelter without any bunk."

And we are coaxed into singing a Food Song—"Oranges, Raisins and Nuts"—on the understanding that if we do, the Food Minister has promised an immediate increase in rations.

A CHRISTMAS pantomime without a Food Song would be like a plum pudding without any plums. And there are other essential ingredients not overlooked at the Coliseum. There is the scene in which the comedians leave everything to the imagination, drawing imaginary beer from an imaginary tap, drinking it from imaginary mugs, and then triumphantly paying for it with imaginary money. And there is the scene



Abanazar (Sutherland Felce);
Wishee Washee (Jerry Verno)

in which Malevolence creeps up behind the Comedian without the Comedian realising that Malevolence is there, till the audience shouts: "Look out, he's behind you"—and so on repetitively each time more hilarious than the last.

One misses the children in the auditorium, for although one can spy that they are there, this year they do not predominate, and the shrill ring of their laughter, which is the best thing in any Christmas pantomime, is lost among more mature guffaws. But that is not the fault of the management, which punctiliously sees to it that we shall be given a Laundry Scene, with laundry, and above all, a Flour Carnival, with flour. Why is it funnier for a red face to become suddenly white than for a white face to become suddenly red?

The only answer I can think of is the answer D. H. Lawrence advised all parents to give their children when asked: "Why is the grass green?" "Because it is."

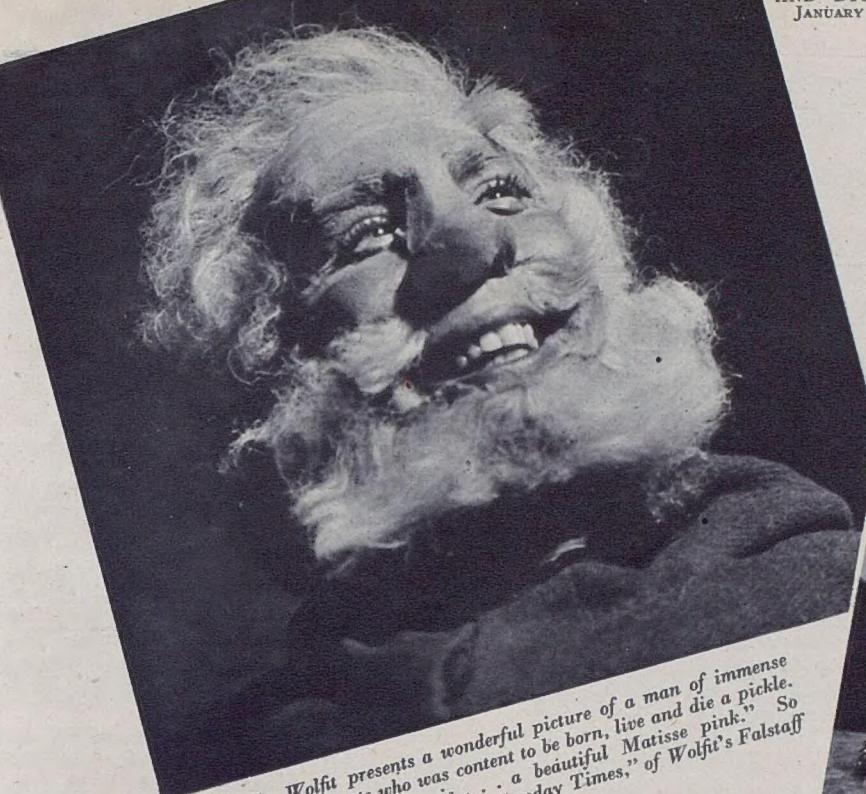
Sketches by
Sallom



Widow Twankey (Iris Sadler) and Aladdin (Jean Colin)

STERLING as the work of Iris Sadler may be in the role of the Widow Twankey, I can never be completely satisfied with a pantomime in which the Dame is played by a female. But it is reassuring to see the Tiller Girls once more in unison, and what with a chorus of fifty, and sergeants in the army with their stripes the wrong way up, and conjuring tricks by Sutherland Felce, and a ballet in which the swish of skirts makes music above the music below, and "My father was so strong he played tiddly-winks with dustbin lids"—well, as I said in the beginning, the Christmas pantomime at the Coliseum may safely be described as "unrivalled" and "the best in town."

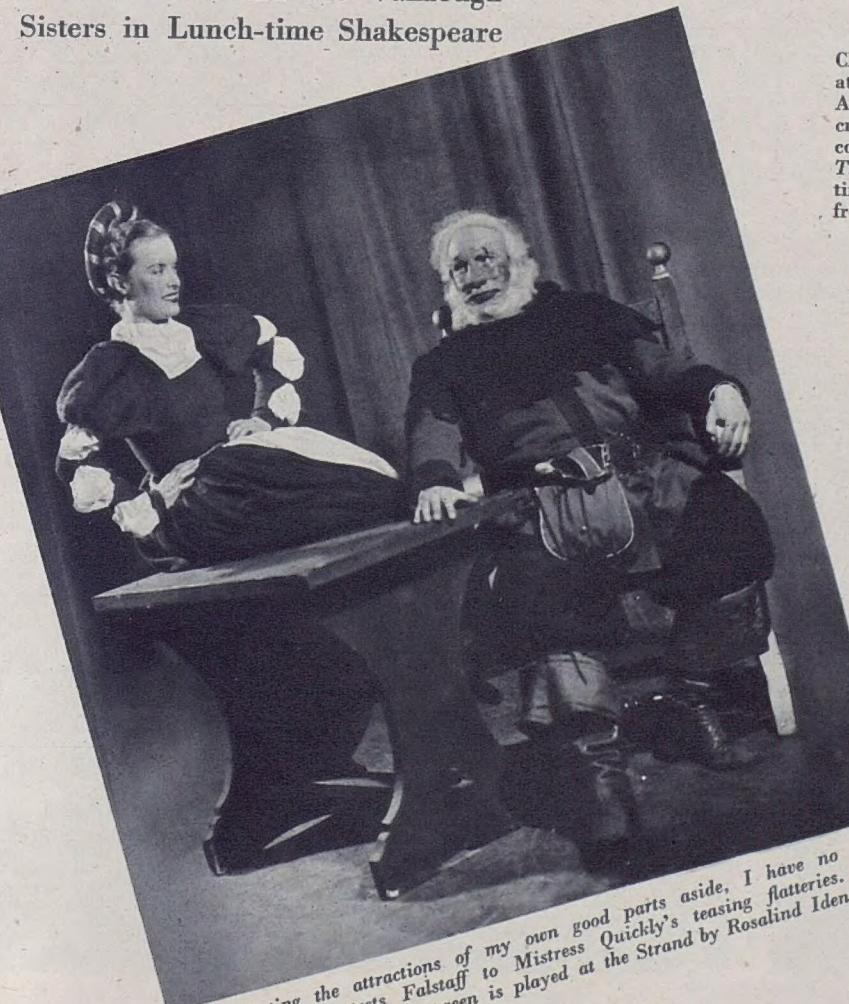
It romps home an easy winner, with the rest (since I am not reporting the Suburban Stakes) nowhere.



"Mr. Wolfit presents a wonderful picture of a man of immense and varied parts who was content to be born, live and die a pickle. And his countenance is . . . a beautiful Matisse pink." So wrote our Mr. Agate, in the "Sunday Times," of Wolfit's Falstaff

Falstaff and the Wives

Donald Wolfit and the Vanbrugh Sisters in Lunch-time Shakespeare



"Setting the attractions of my own good parts aside, I have no charms," protests Falstaff to Mistress Quickly's teasing flattery. The pretty, lively go-between is played at the Strand by Rosalind Iden

"I love thee, and none but thee; help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never——" panting, protesting, trembling like a jelly, Falstaff subsides amongst Mistress Ford's dirty linen



"Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs!"—the Wives have their first taste of Falstaffian rascality. Irene Vanbrugh plays Mistress Page, Violet Vanbrugh Mistress Ford, Rosalind Iden as Desdemona

Christmas special in Donald Wolfit's lunch-time Shakespeare season at the Strand was an abridged version of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. And special to its cast were Violet Vanbrugh and Irene Vanbrugh, created a D.B.E. in the New Year's Honours, who joined the Strand company as guest artists and played Mistress Ford and Mistress Page. *The Wives* remains in the lunch-time repertoire and will be given from time to time. The newest addition to the menu is an act and a scene from *Othello*, with Wolfit as the Moor and Rosalind Iden as Desdemona

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Positively Last Appearance of Christmas—

LIKE those persistent remains of plum-pudding that drag on through the days after Christmas, here it is again as a subject, being almost the only thing that has happened lately. And in several languages in England this year, as the B.B.C. so painstakingly revealed to those who listened to their interesting round-trip of simultaneous celebrations.

All the clubs and societies that exist for the benefit of ourselves and our friends and allies from other countries were hard at it, dishing out our national version of this great occasion. A percentage of Dominion troops got special leave, and the New Zealand Forces Club had lunch in three relays for the New Zealand passengers of special lorries up for the day.

The American Eagle Club, newly opened by American well-wishers for all members of the Allied forces, has not yet got its dining-room in full swing, but hot turkey sandwiches could be had at the snack-bar.

The Royal Empire Society sprang a party at which Sir Frederick Sykes, M.P., officiated, and the Overseas League gave lunch, an entertainment and a dance to lots of Overseas troops. W.A.A.F.s and W.R.N.S. are now regular and very successful helpers at these parties. This particular party was kept going until ten p.m.

—and Final Bow

THE Victoria League had a lunch and a film show, and the joint societies between them placed hundreds in private houses for Christmas dinner, or to stay for the holidays.

British Columbia House, the Beaver Club, and others all gave parties, and in no case were the guests expected to pay for their meal.

The French A.T.S. headquarters organised a supper and dance, to which many British friends were asked, and a good time was had all round.

French Occasion

GENERAL DE GAULLE has lately been presented with a Sword of Honour by the women of Free France, and the St. Andrew's Hall at Overseas House was lent for the occasion.

The General, who is very tall, made a short but inspiring speech of thanks, and afterwards made a tour of the hall, shaking hands with his officers, many of whom he had not met before. After he and his staff had left, officers and their wives and French A.T.S. carried on with light refreshments, and enjoyed listening to Alice Delysia singing.

French African troops formed a guard of honour at the entrance of the club, and the only non-French people invited were Sir Jocelyn and Lady Lucas.

I suppose most people know the story of the de Gaulle sympathisers who have been marching about Paris with two poles (deux gaules), in a clever attempt to express their feelings and save their necks. There is certainly plenty of scope at the moment for writers of spy and adventure stories.

Scotland

THE country was putting up a great show of being seasonable when we arrived, everything absolutely caked with rime,

and things like wire netting looking smugly picturesque, and skating going strong on the lily-pond in the garden.

But at once everything began to melt, the thermometer tore up, and it was like Somerset in September, exploding one of my oldest theories—that the north of Scotland in mid-winter is both pitch dark and colder than can be imagined. So I sweltered in specially bought woollen under-clothes, and presently it began to drizzle, in the warmest, most spineless way possible.

Children's Party

PEOPLE live very far apart up there, and the petrol shortage keeps them apart, but there was at least one children's party, well patronised by fine, sturdy boys in kilts. These included James Fraser, whose charming red-haired mother brought him and a very small sister, and Alexander Mackintosh and a small brother. Alexander's tie-pin fell out into his lap, and he thought it had newly come out of a cracker, and was very pleased, until his mother disillusioned him. She is sister of Mr. Ronald Cross, Minister of Shipping.

Mrs. Rawston and Mrs. Bramwell each brought a very young daughter, and there were plenty of blissfully horrible things like tin trumpets and water-pistols going the rounds.

I was a little shaken, earlier in the day, while being watched make up my face by the candid young. "What are you doing?" "Fixing my face." "Oh, to cover up the cracks, I suppose."

Ballet

TWO companies perform at the Arts Theatre Club, which adds to the variety. *Fête Etrange* is new to me, and full of rather nice, sad comings and goings, to music by Fauré. It seemed to be the not unfamiliar theme of the respectable and well-to-do married lady tiring of her lot, and getting a fancy for some quite random and unsuitable young man—an impoverished passer-by met at a fête. With the fête eddying about them, these two got acquainted, and then, alas! that



Frank O'Brien,

An Irish Christening—the Delmedge Twins

Clare and Stella, twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Delmedge, were christened at Fethard Parish Church. With Mrs. Delmedge in the group above are the godparents, Mrs. Jameson, the Hon. Gerald and Mrs. Wellesley, and Miss Delmedge. The twins' father is a well-known Irish G.R., and their mother was Miss Fredia Keane. She is a niece of Sir John Keane, of Cappoquin House, Co. Waterford



Fermoy

An Irish Christmas Party

Lady Charles Cavendish was hostess to the children of employees on her husband's estate at Lismore Castle, Co. Waterford. Here she is comforting a small guest who thought she had missed getting a balloon. Lady Charles Cavendish had her mother staying with her for Christmas, and Mrs. Astaire helped with the tea-party and present-giving



Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. P. C. Snatt

A recent wedding was that of Lieut.-Col. P. C. Snatt, Royal Corps of Signals, and Miss Myra Manningham-Buller, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. Sir Mervyn and the Hon. Lady Manningham-Buller, of Charlton Lodge, Banbury, Northants;



A Welsh Christening—Mr. and Mrs. Jim Holland's Daughter

Jennifer Holland, daughter of Sec.-Lieut. and Mrs. Jim Holland, and granddaughter of Sir Sothern Holland, Bt., of Westwell Manor, Burford, Oxon, was christened from the Radnorshire home of her mother's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan Prickard, of Dderw, Rhayader. In this group are Mr. and Mrs. Prickard, the nurse, Mrs. Holland and her husband, Sergeant Jones, the Hon. Mrs. A. Egerton, and Lady Holland, the baby's other grandmother

dreary ingredient, the husband, turned up. Conflict was portrayed for a bit, ending respectfully with a curtain on the regrettable lover suitably deserted. Frank Staff was very good as the lover; he has marvellous hands. Peggy van Praagh is one of the girl stars of this company.

Afterwards there was *Façade*, which is always gay and enjoyable.

Film

DARLING Mickey Rooney does dominate and triumphantly pull through every film he is in. It is a great waste to put him in these over-elaborate ones, like *Strike Up the Band*, because all the elaboration means nothing and simply costs money, when it is surely him only people go to see. And Judy Garland, of course, who is absolutely grand, too, with a face like a beautiful Jersey cow (and no face could be more beautiful than that) and perfectly lovely legs, and copious ability besides.

Mickey is like a bottle of champagne with the cork about to fly off with surplus joie de vivre—he only just doesn't burst with his own vitality, which is an inspiring sight to see.

There is a spoof Victorian play in this film that is great fun. The Victorian period really does come in very handy, for jokes, objets d'art, furniture, architecture, everything. Surely those treble, back-to-back seats, slyly known as "sociables," are the keynote to something with inexhaustible possibilities?

(Lord Ernest Hamilton's *Halcyon Era*, about the "Mid-Vics," is a blissful rediscovery. How those dining-tables groaned, not only with food, but with "frosted silver trophies"—delicious thought. And gold and silver, both plate and solid. Hollywood wasn't needed then. It was in everyone's private locker.)

M.o.I.

THE above cabalistic message is clear to everyone in these times. An effort of theirs was in the same programme as Mr. Rooney: an effort for which a U.S.

publication, *Collier's Weekly* (?), seemed to be responsible. Rather laborious presentation of English wartime Christmas, stressing the importance of the kiddies' pleasure in spite of everything, silent church bells, functioning choirs, fun in the Tube stations, and such. A faintly dirge-like commentary relentlessly prodded English reserve.

The Sales

THESE are now in progress, and presumably of interest to women, who adore to capture any object adorned with a ticket quoting two sharply opposed prices. It is to be hoped that all the gentlemen novelists who profess to understand women frequent these unseemly occasions, and see their subjects seething about in uncontrolled competition on a field that is, after all, but a microcosm of the everyday life in which the softer sex seek to cut one another's throats.

To digress. A new edition combining Mr. Edward Lear's immortal works, the *Book of Nonsense* and *More Nonsense*, has been published this Christmas, to the delight of his drivelling admirers. In respectful imitation, here is a bit of nonsense about sales—

"A bevy of whales turned up at some sales—

People said, it's a bore, having whales by the score,

There's no room for their tails in the crowds at these sales."

Mr. Grant

M.R. DANIEL B. GRANT is head of the American Red Cross in this country, and nice and dynamic with it. A friend of his is called Wheeler (confessing to about two jumps off a general—does that make him a colonel?). He had the story, which he said had been the rounds, of the factory manager who was given the white feather for joining the Army.

Captain Alec Wheeler is one of the Philadelphia Wheelers, who has made this country his home for many years. He has a place in Devonshire and one in Ireland;

before the war, his passion for salmon-fishing used to lure him to New Zealand in between times. His red-haired wife is a daughter of Lady Gibbons, who lives in Somerset, near Mrs. Wynn Llewellyn, whose sister-in-law is Mrs. Hughie Gibbs, another well-known West Country family.

Favourite Old Books—

IN the hushed seclusion of a sleeping-car to Scotland (the films have taught one to expect the intrusion of people like Conrad Veidt or Michael Redgrave, *Tracking The Body*, on such occasions), I re-read that 1930 classic, *Vile Bodies*.

The hideous fate of successive gossip-writers that runs through it is unnerving; and it is as funny as ever.

The foreword says that the action of the book is laid in the near future, when existing social tendencies have become more marked; actually, the social tendencies in question had pretty well reached their peak in 1930, when the book was published, but it certainly ends up prophetically with very much the sort of war we are now so doggedly undergoing.

And there is a quotation at the beginning from another old favourite, *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*—about Alice and the Red Queen, running like mad to stay in the same place.

Another bit from that classic that fits our time is the one about the Red King and the March Hare. The Hare gives the King a ham-sandwich out of his satchel. When finished, the King asks for another. He is told there isn't another—only hay. "Hay then," said the King.

—and Two New Ones for the Young

MESSRS. Lionel Edwards and Cecil Aldin are respectively responsible for the illustrations in two delightful new books for adolescents, one, not surprisingly, about horses, the other about dogs.

The former is written by Mr. S. P. B. Mais, is called *Light Over Lundy*, and is about spies as well as horses. A nice outdoor combination.

Letter From America

By Pamela Murray

Mrs. John Taylor's Unit

If aircraft and arms-production plans had matured with the same rapidity, and hit the pace with the consistency of the multitudinous charitable organisations devote to Great Britain's cause, our troubles would be well-nigh over. Charity, going arm-in-arm with "Sassietty," is benefiting from the traditionally hectic tempo of the New York winter season, now properly "steamed up," as they say here.

Good news, because it indicates the immeasurable sympathy of private individuals for the British Empire, was given me by Mrs. John Taylor (the beauteous half-Hungarian, Helene Grant-Richards), who collected enough scratch from Americans to complete a unit of six mobile kitchens. Or, rather, five up to now, but by the time you read this she hopes to have sailed home from Canada with six at least.

Mrs. Taylor brought thirty-five children over in July, including two of her own, and four belonging to the former Le Touquet-ite, Mrs. Harold Taylor. They are in Canada with Lady (Timothy) Eden, who is running an all-English school.

Having convoyed the children, Helene proceeded to beg her way through North America, making personal appeals, getting friends to badger their friends, and selling books of dollar tickets everywhere she went, thus setting an example to those refugees who only indulge in their old routine of parties, "come what may"—to use the title of Arnold Lunn's autobiography, which comes out here in February.

Meanwhile, its able, witty and intensely patriotic author is being lionised by the intellectuals of the Middle West. (Yes, there are some!)

Art and the Diplomats

I was at the Durand-Ruel Galleries that I met up with Mrs. Taylor, pre-viewing a collection by post-impressionist Maxime Maufra, whose "En Forêt de l'Île Adam" gives one that hunger for France which only French soil can assuage.

Apropos, Comte Fleury is sitting wittily on the fence between Pétain and de Gaulle in New York drawing-rooms, for what, après tout, can one who loves France so deeply say at this juncture, except that he sees all points of view and hopes on? It was Comte Fleury who did so much to make good relations between his country and Bulgaria after the Great War. In Varna he has many friends; and in New York one with whom he can reminisce about his Balkan interlude—Mme. Felix Guépin (née Stancioff), whose elder-sister is Lady Muir of Blair Drummond.

Another diplomatic charmer, the tall, electric-eyed Finnish Minister, occasionally exchanges Washington (where the gallant Polish Minister is giving a reception to which "everyone" wants invitations) for New York, where he does more for Finland in an hour than other

ardent workers in a week. But then, M. Procopé has the advantage of possessing extraordinary good looks, a grave, literal personality, and a new English wife who was one of the Yorkshire Shaws, related to the Dowager Lady Lindsey of Kilconquhar. She must be amused by the number of women of all ages who are in love with her husband, and gratified by his polite indifference to their clamour.

The Melting Pot

FORMER St. Moritzers now headed for Sun Valley, Idaho, which is about as far from New York as Constantinople from London, gathered at the John Moffats' apartment, where a Polish diplomat, surveying the cocktail scene through his much-caricatured thick lenses, remarked, "This is exactly like waiting for the Clipper at Lisbon."

I managed to find one American, Mr. Mortimer Drew, uncle of rich, sport-addicted "Johnny" Schiff, known to Londoners, who has taken several English children. Mr. Drew had news of his great friend, Lord Drogheda, and the latter's daughter-in-law, Lady Moore, who is in California with her young son; and of the "Bunny" Heads of London, she being a Western chain-store heiress.

You can have little idea how much letters from England are appreciated and passed round admiringly. They trickle across so slowly, and though heavily censored, convey by homely touches the things we really want to know. Swapping Aunt Jane's epistle for Cousin Maud's is an old-fashioned habit extremely fashionable in New York to-day. This winter-sporter, for instance, was delighted to get news of arch-skier Archie Crabbe and his lovely wife, via Mr. Peter Vischer, of Montego Bay and Manhattan.

The Vischers are not going to open their Sunset Club at Montego Bay this winter. Owing to lack of co-operation from the

authorities, all the usuals seem to be staying away from that ideal island, with which neither Nassau nor Bermuda can compare. Here is yet another British blunder, for the Empire sorely needs tourist spending power. Actually, the restrictions are not all made in Jamaica: for example, United States Naval reservists may not holiday abroad this winter—a comforting signal.

The Sun Valley Set

HEADS together at the Moffats', planning their Sun Valley sortie, were Mr. and Mrs. "Dickie" Parke, Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills (who remarked, "Now Edward's a major, I wonder if Cecil Pim's a general"), Graf Kurt Haugwitz-Reventlow, who looks tired and depressed, and Lady (Keith) Fraser, known to her Chilean countrymen of the Ritz Bar, Paris, as "Blanquita."

The smartest woman in a crowded room was Mrs. Dan Sickles, who described her nonsensical tulle hat as pre-capitulation. More former Parisians were Mme. Blanche Vesnitch, the Pudakotas, and that distinguished American couple, the Henry Grays, whose escape from France was one of the most sensational. He lost Cornelia and their children for nine days of anguished retreat. When, by a miracle, they got together again, the loss of possessions no longer counted.

Mrs. Louis Beaumont was a guest whose news of the Riviera interested everyone. Her Antibes villa has not been touched; the Italians did not advance beyond Mentone. She hears from a number of friends in the neighbourhood; everything is orderly, with a sufficiency of food to date. This first-hand news displeases those who are seeking every excuse to circumvent the British blockade.

Cabin in the Sky

IN company with a good many others, I have seen again the all-coloured musical in which Ethel Waters, the great negro actress and singer, puts over the song of the season, "Taking a Chance on Love." The rhythms, the dancing, the hotcha and the straightforward humour, which, unlike white humour, is never coarse, are utterly beguiling in this presentation.

Anna May Wong seemed to think so; so did Cornelius Dresselhuys and his wife, the former Lorraine Manville, the asbestos heiress, who went on the stage once upon a time for fun. And another enthusiastic member of the audience was Michael Strange, whose daughter by John Barrymore, Diana of that ilk, has debuted in a very dull play about Dickens which tried to be another *Barrett of Wimpole Street*.

The Corn is Green is the only dramatic hit—the biggest in years—with Ethel Barrymore supreme in Sybil Thorndike's part. There are no seats for this Emlyn Williams play for several weeks, so you must await my comparisons impatiently.

CORRECTION.

In our American Letter of December 18, 1940, it was reported that Mrs. John Maude, "American-born wife of Cyril's barrister son," had brought her child over to the States. Major John Maude asks us to contradict this statement as his wife is in England and has never had any intention of taking her daughter, Anne, to America. Our apologies for our correspondent's error.



At a New York cafe—Charles Chaplin and Miss Nancy Mae Hopkins. Pretty Miss Hopkins was a debutante some three years ago



Elizabeth Allan, the screen-and-stage star, her husband, Bill O'Bryen, the theatrical manager, now in charge of an A.A. battery, were photographed with Mrs. John Dewar, the organiser of the Officers' Club. Mrs. Dewar owns many race-horses, as does also her husband, Mr. J. A. Dewar, whose Cameronian won the Derby in 1931



Flight Lieut. Hughesden, Mrs. Michael Dainty, Mrs. Edward Tyler and Lieut. Tyler were thoroughly enjoying one of the dances and concerts at the Officers' Club in Sussex run by Mrs. John Dewar. A dance is given every week, and many stage personalities give their services to entertain those on duty in the neighbourhood, who are only too glad of some pleasure and relaxation

Song and Dance. in Sussex

Stars at an Officers' Club

Mrs. John Dewar, Vice-President of the Sussex Red Cross, runs a Convalescent Home for Officers at her country house. She has also started an Officers' Club, where dances are given every Saturday and two concerts a month are organised. The latter are extremely popular with the wounded officers, who are taken in ambulances and made as comfortable as possible. Those who are unable to move from the hospital are given concerts in the wards. Amongst those who have entertained at these parties are Elizabeth Allan, Gabrielle Brune, Gene Gerrard and Florence Desmond



Mrs. Edward Tyler, Gene Gerrard and Brigadier-General A. E. Potts, of the Canadian Forces, enjoyed a good joke and a bottle of wine at the Officers' Club. Gene Gerrard took over Clifford Mollison's part in the revival of that rollicking farce, "High Temperature."

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Florence Desmond, who gave some of her superb impersonations at the party, is with her husband, Flight Lieut. Charles Hughesden, and Lord Ednam, the twenty-one-year-old son and heir of the Earl of Dudley, Commissioner for the Midland Region



Miss Barbara McNeil is the daughter of Mrs. J. A. Dewar by her first marriage. She is with a childhood's friend of her mother, Captain Colin Bain-Marais, South African Minister to the Free French

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SOMEBODY or other in touch with French feeling put it neatly enough the other day when he said there are practically only two kinds of people in France at this moment—those who want les Anglais to win and those who want ces cochons d'Anglais to win.

We have known members of the Island Race to be curiously sensitive about being called pigs in moments of vivacity by the French. This is absurd, the French being fond of animals and apt when roused to compare one another freely to pigs and dogs and camels, insects and birds and frogs and fish, and especially the mackerel (maquereau, maquerelle); which once moved Anatole France, when so described by a lady friend during a domestic quarrel, to hold forth in his cynical old way on the iridescent beauty of this fish and the oddity of choosing it to convey this especial insult.

Cochon is, however, not bitter, and is sometimes used to convey even a sardonic affection. One should constantly remember that the French, that great nation, have never loved anybody else really madly, and least of all the Goddams, the "Engloys couez," wearers of tails.

Yet so much does the Island Race shrink from the harsh grip of Old Aunt Reality that when Henri Béraud wrote an article in *Gringoire* some months ago, during the Entente, beginning tranquilly, "I detest the English," many who read it were shocked, hurt and grieved.

POSSIBLY one of the benefits conferred by this war will be the dropping of that strange Island convention that deep down in their inmost hearts everybody adores us. (Oh, the surprise and pain, those many years ago in our innocent infancy, when a cross-grained Dieppe fishwife indicated the contrary in the public market!) This will make rational contact with other nations much easier, in our ignoble view, starting with the Scots; whose monstrous sneering pity is so hard to bear.

Sanctions

Two years for attempted rape, five years for cheating at cards—Military Law still (a chap tells us who is taking a course) continues not only to teach the soldiery to control its passions, but to demonstrate a nice sense of values. And still (he adds) young officers are forbidden to gamble and restricted to shilling points at bridge, a game at which so many of the gilded Staff became so strikingly proficient during World War I.

It wouldn't have much surprised us, vaguely remembering the days when King's Regulations was our bedbook, if this chap had said "guinea" and "faro" in place of "shilling" and "bridge."

There always seemed to be a faint, mingled aroma of Ouida and the eighteenth century about those pages, evoking the dashing Guardes with blond Eau-de-Cologne-drenched whiskers, and still more, behind them, the ruffling captains of Marlborough. For many of the more savage sanctions

provided—such as Field Punishment No. 1, lately abolished—derived directly from the days when barracks were worse than stables, and soldiers died of flogging on Horse Guards Parade, and boys fresh from school would call from the ranks grizzled veterans of a dozen campaigns and cane them for some misdemeanour in front of the company. (And those footmen for whom ladies of quality, tiring of their virile charms, occasionally bought H.M. commissions, were greater martinet than anybody, we shouldn't wonder.)

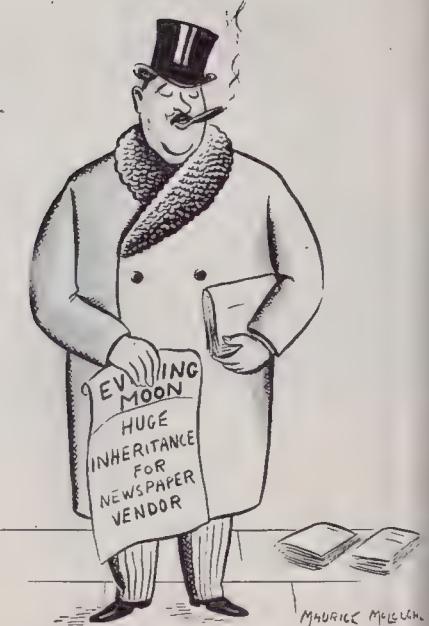
SOMEHOW K.R. don't seem, even in their most modern and amended form, to chime with the kind of modern young soldier who reads the *New Statesman*, as we saw an infantry private doing in a railway carriage recently. No doubt this lad was naïve, and even slightly cretinous, and possibly something of a starchy prig to boot.

Still, he was strikingly not the type envisaged by the Regulations, and maybe they are even now thinking up special sanctions appropriate to this type; e.g., fifty days' confinement to Joad, or fatigue-duty such as turning some little Bloomsbury messiah's pronouncements into English; and so forth.

Phobia

THE last drop of fun having been squeezed by the less noble Press out of such attractive topics as monkeys, ice-cream, mandolines, barrel-organs, and long-distance running, it was a relief—though an expected one—to find the Prime Minister markedly abstaining from gibes at the Italian Army in his message to the Italian people. The fact being, as is gradually dawning on many, that the Italians, whose best troops are equal to any, have plainly little or no intention of fighting to the death for Germany and are quite liable before long to turn on the Cosa who has led them into this mess and kick his ample trousers very hard indeed.

(Concluded on page 50)



MAURICE McELROY



The Quiet Night

“Rise Above It”

Rehearsing for a New Revue
at the “Q” Theatre



Composer and Author

Leslie Julian-Jones is the composer and author of “Rise Above It.” Many of the rehearsals have been held at his home in St. John’s Wood. He is seen discussing matters with his wife, Virginia Winter, who was also in her husband’s former revue, “Come Out of Your Shell,” at the Criterion. Joan Greenwood is deep in conversation with Georgina Cookson, whose attractive knees intrude into the picture

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick



Hermione in Happy Mood

Hermione Baddeley, star of the new revue, “Rise Above It,” was in very good form at one of the rehearsals. Hedley Briggs, the producer, acted as a willing foot-rest while Leslie Julian-Jones played his own variation of the Lohengrin Bridal March to celebrate Hermione Baddeley’s wedding to Major J. H. Willis, M.C., 12th Royal Lancers



“All This and Hedley Too”

The theatre is gradually coming into its own again, and the new revue, *Rise Above It*, opening at the “Q” Theatre to-day, January 8th, prior to production in the West End, will be a welcome contribution to London’s lighter entertainments. This revue, with newly-married Hermione Baddeley as star of the occasion, is produced by versatile Hedley Briggs, who also produced *New Faces*, which had such a success at the Comedy and brought to light many new names together with the new faces. *Rise Above It* is written and composed by Leslie Julian-Jones, author of *Come Out of Your Shell*. He has composed a number of popular lyrics, and is the son of the late orchestral conductor at the Hippodrome and Palace Theatres

Hedley Briggs is the producer of the “Q” Theatre’s new revue. He conducts a rehearsal apparently unheeded by the cast. He is seen at the back with Carole Lynne, Joan Greenwood and Georgina Cookson. Virginia Winter, Hermione Baddeley, Frith Banbury and Peter Cotes are sitting in front rehearsing entirely on their own!

Standing By...

(Continued)

But even if their troops were cowards, which they are not, as the men who are fighting them agree, if you've noticed, the Press boys might have thought twice before chorusing the kind of jeers common to all children and very simple savages, for whom the adversary is always comic, weak, half-witted, fearful, bandy-legged, low-browed; covered with hair, and an easy prey to stout, prancing warriors; a doubtful compliment to the victor, at that.

IN some ways the fact that we are fighting Italy for the first time in history is a godsend to some of the Fleet Street boys, who have a huge inherited contempt for that Mediterranean civilisation to which we all owe so much. This antagonism has many roots, an obvious one being an instinctive fear of dark, lean, unshaven Southern faces and an instinctive love of round, smooth blond pans thatched with tow-coloured hair and furnished with pale, blank blue eyes; the one typifying vice, the other virtue.

If you don't believe us, drop into a Fleet Street milk bar and note the cries of rage and anguish when some sadistic leader-writer enters, disguised as Dante, and begins reciting from the *Divina Commedia*, as is the reckless custom of those cultured boys in their cups.

Fuss

WITH lewd enjoyment we've been following the controversy over the Elgin Marbles in the chaste pages of Auntie *Times*. The arguments for returning them to Greece have been good, but not so striking as the arguments for sticking to Lord Elgin's loot, in which some of Auntie's boys have surpassed themselves; for example, the thinker who urged on moral grounds that it is actually benefiting the Greeks to keep the Marbles where they are.

As Slogger A. G. Macdonell has observed, "They were never made—these Pentelic marbles—to withstand the sun of Greece. They were born for the gentle, homely, mild, soot-laden air of a Bloomsbury cellar." And what the Slogger wrote in biting irony is what many little *Times* readers firmly believe, one gathers.

Maybe it is a pity the Turks didn't allow Lord Elgin to pack up and ship away the entire Parthenon while he was about it. It would have made a nice ornament for Bedford Square and might have served later for an L.C.C. pumping station.

NOBODY seems to have asked the Greeks what they think. Auntie has probably decided that it is none of their business anyhow.

A satiric cartoonist could make a pleasant picture of the whole controversy: Auntie, awful in ringlets and bombazine, presiding authoritatively over an assembly of solemn top-hats and Dundreary whiskers, deciding What Is Best To Be Done in the Interests of the Greeks Themselves, and a tiny scared wistful Greek sucking his finger awkwardly by the door.

Boost

"**O**UR own Lake District," remarked the *Daily Mail's* Special Correspondent on the Greek Northern Front, "grand as it is, seems tame and trivial beside this." But, as we happen to know, the influences

of the Greek Lake District are not improving, whereas the influences of the English Lake District notoriously are, and at any moment you might almost find Wordsworth peering round a tree at you and breathing hard, like a glandered horse.

For this reason many reasonable chaps leave the Lakes as quickly as possible. With their circumambient mountains they form the English Switzerland, with all the banal, depressing and even crushing associations those words connote, and which the note of a cuckoo-clock can bring back so vividly years afterwards that it makes you cry.

The Lake District of Macedonia, on the other hand, has no atmosphere whatsoever of carefully studied *simpliste* prattle, Un-tario-Pantisocracy, the higher Nature worship, and all the rest of the Lake School stuff. (We see no reason for fawning on or buttering up the English Lakes because they happen at the moment to belong to Sir Hugh Walpole.)

A FEW hairy comitadji imported from the Macedonian Lakes by well-wishers to chase Wordsworth and Lucy round Windermere now and again, flourishing great knives and yelling for blood, might have made a difference. Not that a puling, whey-faced chit like Lucy would excite a comitadji to any extent, but those portentous hills would have rung with laughter, surely, at the sight of the poet, surnamed Hippokephalos, or Horse-Face, galloping round with Lucy clutching his other hand, his top-hat jammed down firmly, his eyes like burning coals, and his great jaws working busily.

Suffering thus would have improved Wordsworth's style, only his very greatest work would have survived, and he might not have been driven to take trips to Calais, with the distressing results which are now well known. Ah, Annette! Maybe she cursed the Lakes as well.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Listen carefully, Doctor, and I'll say 'Boom' every time Roger's heart beats"

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"Hey! You under that rooster! Like a lift? We're goin' your way"

From Father to Brother

Emlyn Williams, Who Wrote "The Light of Heart," Has Now Taken Godfrey Tearle's Place in the Play, and Has Turned the Drunken Father Into a Dissolute Brother



Brother and sister: Emlyn Williams as Maddoc Thomas and Angela Baddeley as the lame Cattrin



Entry of a failure: the young actor who showed such brilliant promise is reduced to playing Santa Claus in a Christmas bazaar. The policeman is Edward Rees

Emlyn Williams wrote the part of Maddoc Thomas specially for Godfrey Tearle, and when *The Light of Heart* was put on in London last February, Tearle gave one of the finest performances of his career as the drunken actor who had once been great. But during the play's enforced tour after London theatres closed, Tearle had to leave the company, and that was when Emlyn Williams stepped in. He altered some twenty words in the script, turned Maddoc Thomas into a man of thirty-five whose brilliant career on the stage had been ruined by drink, and plays the part himself. Angela Baddeley, who acts with exquisite sureness of feeling as the crippled girl, Cattrin, is now Maddoc's sister instead of his daughter. Other changes in the cast have taken place, but Elliot Mason is still the plain, downright Scotswoman who comes to Maddoc's rescue. The spring tour of *The Light of Heart* began on Monday at Hull, and will end in London if air raids allow. It is also being filmed in Hollywood, with John Barrymore in Godfrey Tearle's role. And Emlyn Williams is at work on a new play



New hope: Maddoc Thomas is to play Lear in a Gielgud production at Covent Garden. While he learns his part, his sister drinks a toast to his success



Cattrin, the devoted sister, has found romance of her own, and goes off to meet her lover

Photographs by Anthony



Parting: after Maddoc's breakdown just before the first performance of "King Lear" Cattrin decides to leave her brother, for whom all her sacrifices have been in vain, and to marry the man she loves



Cronies of Maddoc Thomas are Barty (Osmund Willson) and Fan. (Winifred Braemar)



False dream: Maddoc, when he faces his last great failure, imagines briefly that blowsy, good-hearted Fan might console him. But it won't work. Fan, Megs Jenkins in the original production, is now Winifred Braemar

A Week-end in the Country

Commander Stephen King-Hall Clears His Head for Politics and Journalism Among the Simpler Complications of Farming and Gardening

Napoleon talked about the two powers in the world—the sword and the mind. Stephen King-Hall made his own paraphrase of the Napoleonic dictum when he used the phrase "the battle of the brains" as opposed to "the battle of the bodies." He himself knows both battles at first hand. He comes of a family of sailors, went into the Navy via Osborne and Dartmouth, served in H.M.S. Southampton in the last war, has twice been on the Admiralty Naval Staff. In 1929 he retired in order to enter the battle, then of peace, on the brains side. Eleven years later the activities of this versatile and boundlessly energetic man include being M.P. (National Labour) for Ormskirk (Lancs.), and director of factory defence at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, editing the K.-H. News Letter, which became internationally famous when Hitler attacked it, broadcasting regularly in the Children's Hour, writing articles, books, plays, and farming and gardening at his Hampshire home. His News Letter is now published from Hartfield House. The latest edition of his *Our Own Times, 1913-1939: a Political and Economic Survey* has recently been brought out by Faber and Faber. He has also contributed two important letters to *The Times*' war aims discussion, in the second of which he set out with brilliant clarity and brevity why "fear and reason must be made to work together in the German mind"—propaganda fighting the battle of the brains while the Services fight the battle of the bodies. Commander King-Hall is forty-seven, is married (his wife was Miss Kathleen Spencer), and has three daughters



Geese go walking, and so do the Commander and his wife. Hartfield House makes its owners almost self-supporting, as

Photographs by Pictorial Press

The pigs do well on household swill



The pigs





farm at
to market

the Commander's experienced eye



The rock-garden is the Commander's own work



But he can't leave his desk for long



With Silent Friends

By Richard King

Back to Pre-War

THE other evening I sat chatting with a few acquaintances which the exigencies of war have brought into my orbit. Our duties of the day were done. We could relax. I believe it was a bit of a party. Two bottles of port were opened—vile port. Yes, undoubtedly it was a party. Anyway, after the vile port had been consumed we sat anywhere—on the floor mostly: at least, I did, because I have a partiality for sitting on floors!—and started to talk.

We had talked for some little time before I began to realise instinctively that it was the kind of talk I hadn't listened to, it appeared, for years! Bombs were not being mentioned. Iron rations, or the possibility of them, were forgotten. We were right away from the war. We talked of pre-war theatres, of pre-war books, of pre-war films. In fact, we were carried right back to the days when it was delightful to talk thus and to garner opinions of this and that. We discussed the great actors and actresses and aired around them our likes and dislikes. We talked authors. We travelled here and there, and anything like a war restriction didn't exist.

Quite unconsciously we were all back in the peace days, and it was like a holiday from anxiety, a respite from the sordid. I think it did us all good. One gets so tired of this talk of bombs, of Hitler, of his gang,

of craters in back gardens, of misery and horror, of death and destruction and wishful-thinking prophecies. It made us realise—at least it made me realise—that even now there are other things in life than bombs and Anderson shelters and how long will the war last? One day the world will come back to the arts of peace, and some of us, at any rate, will enjoy the thrill which they bring to everyday life.

And, strangely enough, the three books which lay on my table the following morning for review were three books so delightfully pre-war that they scarcely ever mentioned it, except occasionally in parenthesis. They took me right back to the days when Hitler was only a far-distant rumble and, for the greater part, not even that. It was a holiday, in fact, to have him—as one day he will be again—wiped right off the human slate.

An Old Photograph

OF the three books, two are interesting theatrical memoirs, Julia Neilson's *This for Remembrance* (Hurst and Blackett; 15s.), Matheson Lang's *Mr. Wu Looks Back* (Stanley Paul; 15s.), and the third, a purely domestic chronicle, *We Like the Country* (Collins; 7s. 6d.), by Anthony Armstrong. Each in its way is a delightful book. And all begin in the usual manner of autobiographies by an apology for writing at all! Miss Neilson blames her many friends; Mr. Lang blames Sir William Arbuthnot

Lane, and Mr. Armstrong puts the blame on his publisher. I often wonder why this is apparently so necessary. If ever I write my autobiography—which I certainly shall not!—I would put the blame on my banker and have done with it!

Miss Neilson's book was the first I read and enjoyed. I have always had a tender place in my heart for her which has nothing whatever to do with her great gift as an actress. In the days so long ago that I have, metaphorically, to pinch myself to realise I lived through them and, for me, was their sole hero, I collected photographs of my favourite actresses, and hers in *The Dancing Girl* shared pride of position with Mary Anderson as Galatea, Phyllis Broughton in a kind of cowl, and a long-forgotten dancer, Mimi St. Cyr, in just anything at all but a lot of it. I considered Miss Neilson's dress alone deserved the silver frame. It had long strands of roses falling from the waistline to the hem of the skirt—rather as if, beneath the tight-fitting bodice, there were a secreted plant! I considered it indescribably beautiful! Nowadays, I suppose, I would think it awful!

However, from that early photograph, I followed with secret interest nearly her whole career. You know how youthful adorations persist in the memory when later ones just make up one of a vague list? I only knew her as an actress, however, when she, Fred Terry and their company, used to visit the nearest big town and we fought for a place in the pit; withering with a scornful look those who found *Sweet Nell of Old Drury* less sweet than Wilson Barrett in *The Sign of the Cross*!

Woman and Actress

IN her delightful autobiography, however, I now seem to know Julia Neilson as a woman—as kindly and as enchanting as I

(Concluded on page 58)



Kruger Gray

The designer of the George Cross and George Medal builds model ships as his hobby, and was photographed at work at his Sussex cottage. The flaming cross and Union Jack used on War Savings posters is also Mr. Gray's work, and coins for Canada, Australia, New Zealand and Africa have been designed by him. As a painter in water-colours he has exhibited in the Royal Academy. Another medium in which he has done much commissioned work is stained glass



Arthur Bryant

In writing of his latest book, "English Saga. 1840-1940," one reviewer has compared Arthur Bryant to Macaulay, on whom Mr. Bryant himself published a study some eight years ago. His "English Saga" (Collins and Eyre and Spottiswoode; 10s. 6d.) was the December choice of the Book Society and has become something of a best-seller, as was the first of his historical studies, "King Charles II," published in 1931. Mr. Bryant is the son of the late Sir Francis Bryant, who held an appointment in the Royal Household



Lenare

The Hon. Lorna Harmsworth

The Hon. Lorna Vyvyan Harmsworth, elder daughter of Viscount Rothermere, and Mrs. T. A. Hussey, of Athelhampton Hall, Dorset, is to marry Mr. Edmund McNeill Cooper-Key, son of the late Captain E. Cooper-Key, R.N., and Mrs. Cooper-Key, of Landford, Fleet, Hants. Her father, the former Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, succeeded his father just over a month ago



Bassano

The Hon. Nefertari Bethell

The Hon. Nefertari Bethell announced her engagement just before Christmas to Mr. James Innes, Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Colonel J. A. Innes, of Horringer Manor, Bury St. Edmunds, and Inchgary, North Berwick. She is the daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Richard Bethell, and the Hon. Mrs. Bethell, and sister of Lord Westbury

Five Engagements



Harlip

Miss Nina MacDougall

Miss Nina MacDougall, daughter of Mr. Coll MacDougall, of 113, Park Lane, W.I., has announced her engagement to Lieut. Eric Ashley Sutcliffe-Smith, R.A.S.C., son of the late Sir Henry Sutcliffe-Smith, and Lady Sutcliffe-Smith, of Ingerthorpe Grange, Markington, Yorks.



Fayer

Miss Lavender Pearson-Gregory

Miss Lavender Pearson-Gregory is the eldest daughter of Major Pearson-Gregory, M.C., Grenadier Guards, of 44, Lowndes Square, S.W.1, and the late Mrs. Pearson-Gregory. Her fiancé is Captain John Atkinson, the Rifle Brigade, eldest son of Brigadier-General and Mrs. Ben Atkinson, of Mistley Hall, Manningtree, Essex



Harlip

Miss Maureen Dunville

Miss Maureen Eileen Anne Dunville, daughter of the late Captain Robert Lambert Dunville, Grenadier Guards, and the Hon. Mrs. Francis Curzon, of 41, Eaton Place, S.W.1, is engaged to Flt.-Lieut. H. Montague Robertson, D.F.C., R.A.F., son of Mr. Montague Robertson, and the late Mrs. Robertson, of Guelph, Ontario, Canada

With Silent Friends

(Continued)

imagined her to be when she used to descend singing into the depths, leaving King Charles II. apparently in the mood of a most felicitous domesticity, which made one wonder how ever Lady Castlemain and the Duchess of Portsmouth—the wicked hussies!—managed to stage a come-back.

Almost from the beginning Miss Neilson has been a star, however. One of the earliest injunctions her mother gave her was: "You must fight your own way in the world, Julia!" Well, the first prospect was to become a governess. Then it was decided she would become a singer. But the late W. S. Gilbert settled all that. At the first interview he realised the girl's histrionic possibilities. Henceforward he became her friend, adviser and, by his own efforts, paved the way to her first appearance on the West End stage. Hereafter and for several years, it was the West End which claimed her all the time, except for short provincial tours she undertook as a leading member of the Tree or George Alexander companies.

When she married Fred Terry—to whose memory some of the loveliest pages are devoted, not only from his wife but from friends who knew him best—it was some time later that they decided to go into management on their own account. Even so, they came within an ace of missing their first trump-card, *Sweet Nell of Old Drury*. They very nearly lost it to Kate Rorke. The history of this naïve but very effective play is well known to every middle-aged playgoer.

In her book Miss Neilson makes a successful defence of the kind of drama in which she and her husband were associated. "We realised that the schoolboys and schoolgirls

of to-day are the audiences of to-morrow, and by meeting the desire of anxious papas and mamas for an entertainment which they could, with no misgivings, send their young people, we were laying the foundations of future support." Elaborating that belief by adding: "This is the sure way to your public's heart; there are certain beliefs, certain standards, certain emotions that go on from generation to generation—slightly coloured, perhaps, by the passage of time, but remaining, in their fundamentals, essentially the same; and it was on these that Fred and I built our little kingdom which we enjoyed for so many happy years."

Well, *This for Remembrance* will also give readers many happy hours. As theatrical autobiographies go it is one of the best I have encountered for a long time.

And Now for "Mr. Wu"

M R. MATHESON LANG began life with the parental intention of becoming a parson. His father was a clergyman of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, but he must have been an exceptionally broadminded clergyman for, when his son gave out that his ambition was to go on the stage, all his father said was that he had not the slightest objection, except that he would probably not make a decent living at it. Nevertheless, his son went on the stage, and for the first years it may be said that he was clinging to it, rather than on it. But he never went home a self-acknowledged failure.

It was when he first entered the famous company of the late Sir Frank Benson that his acting career really began to take long strides. Since then he is probably one of the most-travelled actors on the stage to-day. When at last he returned to England, "Mr. Wu" was, so to speak, waiting for him! But he very nearly missed the appointment, all the same. Like so many famous successes, the play had gone the

round of most of the London managers and had been turned down by all of them. Even so, Mr. Lang produced it against the wishes of his financial backer. Now it has become a kind of household word always to be associated with Matheson Lang.

This again is an interesting and entertaining theatrical autobiography, written with gusto and enlivened by a sense of humour—which few theatrical memoirs possess. I like the story, for example, of the masterful lady who came into a West End tailor's shop to order a new dinner jacket for her husband. "I am sure you will like this," said the tailor. "It is very new. I am just making jackets in this style for Mr. Matheson Lang and Mr. Joseph Coyne." "Matheson Lang and Joseph Coyne!" exclaimed the lady in a tone which seemed to freeze the atmosphere in the whole shop. "I want my husband to look like a gentleman!"

Incidentally, both these autobiographies conclude with a word of advice to the stage ambitious—though Miss Neilson's struck me as being far the more valuable. However, if you are interested in the theatre of the last twenty to thirty years and the famous personalities who made it so magnetic, here are two delightful autobiographies which will provide a couple of red-letter days—even in a wartime life.

Country Life

WE LIKE THE COUNTRY" is a continuation of that delightful book *Cottage into House*. If you have not read the latter book, however, don't run away with the idea that it is yet another of those stories "archly patronising" which used to be so popular and which told how an author set about renovating an old cottage, informing his public at the same time that he on wished to live and die in it—a desire which rarely outlasted the second winter, even when it was spent on the Riviera.

Mr. Armstrong's book is a purely practical one, enlivened by humour and written with so much charming intimacy that we become so interested in the changes and elaboration of "Margarets," both in the house and in the garden, that we feel at the end we have a personal interest in the results. It is full of all kinds of useful hints, as, for example: "Night-scented stock looks most dilapidated in daytime with its flowers withered and closed in the sunlight. . . . So if you have to put it in a not-out-of-the-way corner, the following I was once given is useful. Sow Virgin stock in with it. This has a similar flower which is, of course, out all day and acts as a mask for its disreputable, nocturnal adventuring brother. It's rather like a loyal sister making continual bright talk all the while during an unexpected morning call of the vicar's to cover up the fact that her brother is morose and silent because he had a bad hang-over."

Other examples refer to concrete drives, water-softeners, drainage, and the awful and expensive pitfalls which lie in wait for the novice who has decided that his country week-end cottage shall become his permanent home. Moreover, there is a chapter towards the end which actually deals with country manners, and this should be read by those who seem to consider that to come to live in the country at all, without being actually bombed into it, is an act of grace for which the countryside must feel it ever honoured.

Incidentally, *We Like the Country* delightfully illustrated by Bertram Prance, drawings full of charm, character and a sense of humour.



On the Air

Irene McLoughlin is one of the B.B.C.'s recently appointed women announcers. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. McLoughlin, and sister of Roy McLoughlin, author of "A Yank in Fleet Street," and other plays, radio plays and books. She herself likes sailing, swimming, squash in her spare time



On the Lights

Jessica Morton is the nineteen-year-old stage manager at the Strand Theatre, where Donald Wolfit is presenting lunchtime Shakespeare. She started her career, aged fifteen, in repertory at Bolton, in 1939, was assistant stage manager at the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, in the autumn of that year joined Donald Wolfit as the youngest stage manager in the country

Racing in Ireland: Steeplechasing at Leopardstown

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Lieut. Patrick Stokes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Stokes, of Raheen, Greystones, Co. Wicklow, while on leave from his regiment, Hodson's Horse, went racing at Leopardstown with his wife. Mrs. Stokes is the younger daughter of the late Mr. John Boyd Dunlop, of Dalkey, Co. Dublin. Her grandfather invented the pneumatic tyre



Lady Murphy, who hunts regularly with the Fingall Harriers, was snapped in cheerful conversation with Colonel R. R. Martin. Lady Murphy, formerly Miss Frances Davoren, is the wife of Sir George Murphy, Bt. Colonel Martin is a brother of Captain Gerald Martin, Secretary of the Irish Bloodstock Breeders' Association



Miss Dolores Pelly and Miss Madelaine Minch, a daughter of Mr. M. P. Minch, a former joint-Master of the Queen's County Hounds, were together at Leopardstown. The engagement of Miss Minch has recently been announced to Mr. Larry Egan, who won the last Red Cross 'Chase in January 1940 with Jack Chaucer



Mrs. Frank Fitzgibbon, wife of the Irish K.C., Mr. Frank Fitzgibbon, watched the Irish Red Cross 'Chase with Major Johnnie O'Rorke, the well-known big-game hunter and Ireland's No. 1 angler. For several years in the past Major O'Rorke rented Lord Conyngham's beat of the Boyne at Slane Castle, Co. Meath



Also at the races were the Hon. Mrs. Tristram Massy and her son Cyril, who is second heir to Lord Massy. The Hon. Mrs. Massy was formerly Miss Evelyn Henry, and her husband died in 1929. She lives at Letxlip Castle, one of the show places of Co. Kildare; owns racehorses and hunts with the Meath and Kildare Hounds



Captain and Mrs. G. L. Hastings, who before the war hunted with the Limerick Hounds and are noted racehorse owners, were amongst those who saw Mr. W. M. Shawe Taylor's The Gripper win the Irish Red Cross 'Chase. This horse also won the Irish Cesarewitch, a flat race, at The Curragh a few months ago

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Password and the Countersign

THE former is "Resurgam"; the latter "Nec Aspera Terrent." We have been assured that at the end of her invasion Germany estimates that she will have a force of 200,000 men left alive. Hitherto most people have rated the German General Staff a highly intelligent organisation.

A Last Link with Horsemanship

WHILST many of us agree with our good friend Hamilton Fyffe that it would be a graceful gesture if, after we have done with the son of Alois Schicklgruber, the Elgin Marbles should be returned to the place in the frieze of the Parthenon from whence they came no one seems to have appreciated the fact that they constitute one of the few remaining models of true horsemanship, which save us from a complete reversion to the monkey-on-the-stick seat, first introduced into our land by a little coloured jockey named Sims, and not by Tod Sloan, as is the popular belief. Those Greek gentlemen portrayed on the backs of those hog-maned cobs sit at the centre of gravity which a benign Creator intended for any man on any horse.

Another Elgin

A DESCENDANT of the Lord Elgin of 1812 who brought those marbles to England would not, I feel, have been in any way interested in the battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs, for he was pre-eminently a chasseur à pied. The eminent Viceroy of India, who bore this name, was no horseman. In India's Hill Capua (Simla), where His Excellency made an heroic effort to acquire a knowledge of one of the most difficult of the applied sciences, tragedy very nearly supervened, for whilst the Viceroy was out hacking round Jakko, Simla's most appropriately named monkey hill, he was suddenly assailed by the portly head of his Stamps and Sealing-Wax Department waving an umbrella—of all things—and shouting: "Yeer Excellency! Yeer Excellency!" The Viceroy, knowing how even the quietest steed hates an umbrella, shouted back in alarm: "Gang awa', Sir John! Gang awa'! Do ye no' see A'm beezy ridin'?"

Rifles, "Gats" and "Baynits" Obsolete?

THE editor of *Defence*, the magazine of the fighting Services, has been so polite as to send me advance proofs of an article by my erudite friend Sidney Rogerson, which that author has entitled "Our Weapons No Match for Nazi Impishness?" Sidney Rogerson says that his remarks are "musings" which declined to be suppressed. Knowing him, I can understand this. Shortly put, what he says is that the revolver, the rifle, the bayonet, and even the machine-gun are out of date, and that the only weapons that count are modern

"cavalry" (tanks) and the "horse guns" to which they are escorts (aeroplanes); and he has a fairly strong *primâ-facie* case in view of the exposition recently afforded us by the strongest and best equipped army in the world. We have seen what an elaboration of cavalry tactics can do in modern war. The German attack through Belgium and Northern France was masterly in its conception, a pattern in execution. Rifles and bayonets were of no use against it; the machine-gun just a pea-shooter. It was



Poole's
Racing Personalities

Mr. D. G. Dickson, a racehorse owner from Northern Ireland, was with Lady Nelson and Mr. Maurice Walsh at Leopardstown. Lady Nelson and her husband, Sir James Nelson, a member of the Irish Turf Club, are both noted owners. Mr. Maurice Walsh, formerly in the Customs and Excise of the Irish Free State, became famous for his novels of Scottish life

an eye-opener, and we should be foolish if we made any attempt to deny that at that time the German Army was about two fences in front of anyone. It ought not to have been an eye-opener; perhaps even, it ought not to have succeeded if certain people had pulled their weight and not left the only real triers completely in the air.

I am one of those who believe that, although this brilliant attack deserved all the success which it achieved, it could have been stopped if every man in the boat had consented to row his stroke right through to the finish. The strength of any chain is only that of its weakest link. We had two completely rotten links in this particular chain.

Every Weapon to Its Own Terrain

AFTER every war in history the cry has gone up that the weapon (like the tactics) is obsolete: and it has only been half-true every time. After South Africa, the pundits said that the bayonet was "obsolete"; but it did some very pretty work between 1914 and 1918, and the Italian Army, said to be the last word in modern equipment, absolutely hates it in Albania



Army Personalities

Brigadier A. Chenevix Trench, C.B., O.B.E., M.C., and Major Trevor Hill, O.B.E., Mess Secretary of the Royal Signals Headquarters Mess, are the two well-known personalities in the Royal Corps of Signals depicted by "Mel" this week

and Libya, and even objects to the Cretan knife—a weapon which, I gather, is somewhat similar to that fine cutting and stabbing implement, the Pathan knife, which is so familiar to so many. The Highlanders at Sidi Barrani found the bayonet a most useful tool. So what?

Tactics alter with the weapon and only strategy remains eternal and unchangeable. The battle between the missile and the target is unending: at one moment the one is in front; at another moment the other; sometimes they seem to be going neck and neck, stride for stride. I think that the last



Cabaret for the Red Cross

At the Buffet Dance held at Dryburgh Abbey Hotel, St. Boswell's, an excellent cabaret entertainment was organised. Some of those who took part were (back): Mrs. Dallmeyer, Miss Isabella Gillon, Miss Stormonth Darling; (centre) Mrs. H. Scott-Plummer, Mrs. Hume and Mrs. Findlater; (front) Mrs. Hacket Pain and Mrs. Browne Clayton.

remark just about describes things at this moment. When Sidney Rogerson was up at his Varsity he specialised in history not entirely military, as I have gathered, but as battles have, in the main, governed the course of world events, he was bound to absorb this fact and permit it to influence his reading.

"Tanks" at Towton, 1461

ON March 29 in that year the Duke of Somerset lost the Wars of the Roses for the Lancastrians. It was a "tank" battle, no more, no less, for what were the heavy cavalry, armoured cap à pie both man and horse, but tanks? After that most disastrous and very bloody conflict, 43,000 killed, they did not scrap those "tanks" immediately. At Towton, Somerset asked for it, and got it. I have personally hunted over this battlefield with the Bramham

Moor. Hounds met at a farm which might have been the F.O.P. of the Yorkists. How the Lancastrian cavalry leader came to attack over the Cock Beck—a young river only jumpable at one or two places by people who are not armoured—defeats comprehension. He cannot have had any ground scouts out. The Lancastrian cavalry took it on at a place which was unjumpable and in the thick of a very heavy snowstorm. At the most favourable place you would be wise to have it at speed or not at all. Somerset's cavalry could not have galloped half as fast as you can kick your hat. Yet he attacked with those "tanks." He paid the inevitable penalty of ineptitude. The Cock Beck would make even the modern tank think a bit, for it is wide and very

deep. Towton was a glaring example of the wrong weapon in the wrong spot. And yet the experts did not scrap those "tanks" for many a long year after that. This does not, however, alter the fact that the main principle—every weapon to its own terrain—must be adhered to very rigorously. You would not attempt to cut down a big tree with a pair of manicure scissors. You would not have much success if you tried to shave with a mowing-machine.

Wrong Technique: Wrong Weapons

THE recent article in *Defence*, in which the author said that rifles, bayonets, and so forth are obsolete, calls to mind a case in which both the wrong equipment plus the wrong technique were employed. She

was the glamorous wife of a fabulously wealthy Dundee Jute Wallah and she went out flirting in the enchanted valley of Kashmir with her corsage completely covered with diamond snakes and ladders, crowns and anchors, and suchlike. He was a chap on leave and en route to Gulmarg. His house-boat was next ahead of hers and they were tied up at a spot called the Dhâl Lake, where Shalimar is and the pale hands used to live—a most romantic spot, especially by moonlight. She, having been educated at a Brighton boarding-school of advanced ideas, knew "Pale Hands," "Less Than the Dust," and so forth backwards. The tail of one of her confounded diamond serpents nearly took his eye out. Romance wrecked! Wrong Weapon! Wrong Technique!



The Princess Royal Visits a Signals Unit

Men and equipment were inspected during an official visit paid by the Princess Royal, Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Signals, to a Divisional Signals Unit in the South of England

Back row: R.S.M. F. J. Lay, C.S.M. S. G. Dean, Lieut. T. A. J. Bennett, Lieut. P. W. Phillip, D.C.M., A/Q.M.S. W. Phillips, Sec.-Lieut. P. R. Hoskins, Sec.-Lieut. K. N. Smart, Sec.-Lieut. G. E. Smith, R.Q.M.S. A. S. Double Centre row: Captain C. Stagg, Captain P. E. S. Mansergh, Captain A. L. Yarnell, Captain C. G. Wardrop, Lieut. P. H. W. Everitt, Lieut. G. V. Leath, Captain E. H. Wilkinson, M.C.

Front row: Major E. R. Nanney-Wynn, Captain E. B. Elliott, Brigadier R. H. Willan, D.S.O., M.C., H.R.H. the Princess Royal, C.I., G.C.V.O., G.B.E., Lieut.-Colonel S. A. W. Philcox, Colonel R. T. O. Carey, M.B.E., Major G. L. Ferguson



Enjoying the Dance

Roxburghshire rallied in force to the Buffet Dance given at St. Boswell's in aid of the British Red Cross War Funds. Mr. John Shelstone, Captain Rolfe, Major Welsh, Mr. Fenwick, Miss Jean Maxwell-Scott, Lady Rolfe and Mrs. Fenwick were having refreshments together



Watching the Cabaret

Lady Margaret Egerton, fifth daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, of Mertoun, St. Boswell's, Dr. Clark, Miss Sprot and Major Hankey were interested spectators, watching the amateur cabaret performance which was a feature of the Buffet Dance at Dryburgh Abbey Hotel

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Air Ministry Accolade

UNHOLY glee transports me when I see it stated in some newly published work — be it book or newspaper — that it has been compiled with the "full collaboration of the Air Ministry" or that it has been issued "in the national interest."

For that is surely no less than an indication that the old commercial genius persists, and that the most solemn and exclusive Government departments can still be manœuvred by buoyant and bounding business men into the position of aiding them in their enterprises.

If a book can be said to have been compiled "in full collaboration with the Air Ministry" and to have been produced "in the national interest," a faint odour of sanctity becomes noticeable, and it appears to be the duty of the hard-pressed taxpayer to subscribe. He feels that he can do his bit without being bitten.

Commercial people will always seek to cash in and crash in on Government departments, because as an oblique blurb there is nothing to compare with the Whitehall accolade. Hard-boiled advertising men burst into tears when they see it and take twenty-four whole pages at full rates.

Buy One and Spot It

BUT although it is published "with the full approval and support" of the Ministries of Home Security and Supply, and although my friends of Temple Press, Limited (who, by the way, now live in a place with the almost unimaginably delightful name of Bowling Green Lane), assure me that it is in "the National interest" (lending the word what Mr. H. G. Wells calls the "added unimportance" of the capital letter) that I should draw my readers' attention to it, I feel that the new paper, *The Aeroplane Spotter*, is well able to stand on its own feet. Good papers need no blurb, Air Ministry or other, and this is a good one.

There is absolutely no point in this instance in procuring a back-pat from Whitehall, or in telling us that it is in the national interest, for it is a first-class paper on a subject about which there is great discussion. I support *The Aeroplane Spotter*, not because it is my duty to support it, but because, regarded critically and without Air Ministry *arrière-pensée*, it is a sound job.

I support it more especially because it is edited by one of the most able technical journalists writing on aviation in London to-day, Mr. Peter G. Masefield.

Contents

THE first issue had much matter in it, and it contained the first intimation I

had had that the Curtiss "Tomahawk" (which was formerly known as the "P-40") is rather down on top speed. It is now doing 330 miles an hour, against the 360 that had been hoped for originally. But it seems that a later development will push up the speed again.

There is a good page of silhouettes of single-engined monoplanes, and there is also the first instalment of a glossary of aeronautical terms. The paper costs 3d. and comes out every Thursday.

I hope it will give us an early picture of the "Whirlwind." I have not had a chance of inspecting carefully this new machine, and it was not possible even to talk about it until Lord Beaverbrook transferred it from the secret to the part-publication list by the simple process of mentioning it in the course of a speech.

Maintenance

I WAS pleased to notice, in Sir Archibald Sinclair's Christmas message to the Royal Air Force, reference to those whose duty keeps them on the ground most of the time, as well as to those whose duty takes them into the air.

If we look back we see what a lot we owe to the ground staffs, especially during those hectic days of the retreat across France. The operations in the Western Desert have shown that a great responsibility devolves upon the ground staff if an air force is to be kept working at full pressure when its aerodromes are being frequently bombed.

Occasionally tribute is paid to the ground staffs, but not often enough. It is all the better when the Secretary of State takes the trouble to refer specially to them.



Stuart

Air Force Aladdin

Davy Burnaby, of Co-Optimist fame, is producing a pantomime at a big air station entitled "A Lad in Air Force Blue." He is seen consulting with the Commanding Officer Group Captain C. W. Attwood, while Flight Lieut. N. L. Derham, who holds the British record for swimming the Channel, listens to the arrangements

Many More Inventions

STILL they come. Not a post goes by without somebody sending me an invention for countering the night bomber. I go through them all with care, and send on the likely ones. But I have a feeling that both inventors and inventions should be differently treated by the authorities.

The reason I think this is that there are so many of them with a grievance. They are firmly convinced that their invention is sound and that it is being turned down for no adequate reason.

Now it would seem to me possible to issue a statement about certain groups of inventions which would set many people's minds at rest. For instance, I suppose the most frequently mentioned "special device" is that for some form of flood-lighting, having for its object the showing up of the enemy aircraft to our fighters.

I have had this invention put to me in various forms more often than any other. And I believe that the reason why it is turned down could be put quite simply by those with access to the requisite information. I believe that no harm would come, and a good deal of good if it were put.

An official statement might be issued by the Air Ministry saying that many suggestions of this kind had been made, and that the reason they were not being taken up was so-and-so.

It is really a matter of setting down the possible illumination obtainable from flood-lighting and comparing it with that which is necessary to spot a given aircraft at a given range. Anyhow, I should like to see fewer enthusiastic and well-meaning inventors with a grouse.

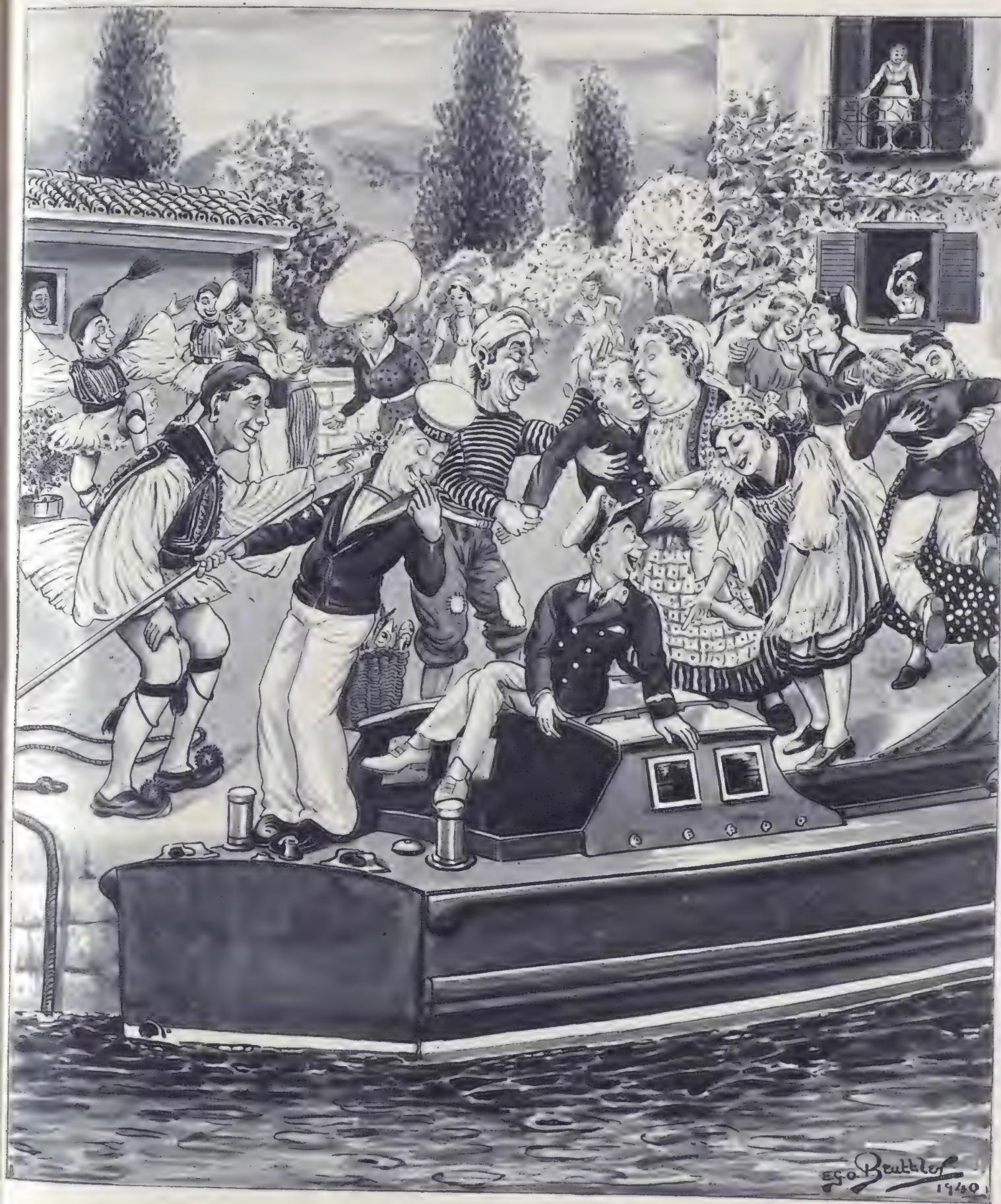


W. Dennis Moss

Gloucestershire Dance

Lady Cripps, Major Sir Frederick Cripps, Chairman of the Gloucestershire County Council, Group Captain D. Iron, O.B.E., and Mrs. J. W. W. Cripps were sitting out together at the dance held in the Corn Hall, Cirencester, in aid of the Cirencester Memorial Hospital. Major Sir Frederick and Lady Cripps live at Ampney Park, Cirencester, and Mrs. J. W. W. Cripps is their daughter-in-law

With the Fleet Air Arm — No. 20



Adoration: By Wing Commander E. G. Oakley-Beuttler

This Hellenic display of warmth and affection is due to the arrival in a little Greek fishing village of three young officers of the F.A.A. As the motor pinnace from an aircraft-carrier comes alongside the sea wall, the excited and enthusiastic population comes out to greet the two Midshipmen and Sub-Lieutenant representing the might of his Britannic Majesty's Naval Air Arm. Taking their cue from the officers, the naval ratings are not loath to participate in the welcome of our gallant allies

The "Tatler and Bystander" Short Story

Love and the Beasts that Perish

By Gerald Kersh

Illustrated by Tuncliffe

"PEOPLE in love," said the man with the shadows under his eyes, "are practically impossible to understand. Love has nothing to do with reason. I know a man who deserted a wife who was a pattern of youth, beauty, intelligence, charm, vitality and honesty, to run away with a sullen, stupid creature of forty-eight, one of the plainest women I have ever seen. Again—I know a young lady who is married to an excellent fellow with whom she is perfectly happy . . . yet she entertains fond recollections of a heavy-built brute with green eyes, a lout who lived on his wife's two hundred a year. He insulted her, humiliated her, treated her like dirt—yet he 'got under her skin,' and she will never forget him, for in her soul there is an ache which he has left for ever—a kind of yearning. What is this love, that takes possession of people and makes them lose all sense of proportion and of decency?"

A little man, peering through spectacles, said: "I know a man who had been happily married for thirty years. He left everything for a miserable, skinny little French servant-girl."

Another man said: "Look at George Frederickson. His wife runs away with a gigolo. He is heartbroken. But what does he do? Does he go along with a shotgun? No—he sends her fifty pounds a month."

"Love," said the fat man, "is a sort of nerve-disease which only human beings suffer from—and only over-civilised human beings at that." And he devoured a handful of almonds and raisins.

"I disagree," said the man with shadows under his eyes.

A big, blue-eyed man in a coat of hounds-tooth check said: "Same here. What do you say to this?"

"I have," he said, "a sort of place in Hampshire, not far from Alton—a house, a bit of land—a kind of farm. Sometimes I play at farming. I've got a few cows, a few sheep, a few pigs, a few chickens. Naturally, I keep dogs."

"Well. The best dog I ever had was a collie bitch. She was a little nervous, somewhat touchy, as collies sometimes are, but she seemed to possess an intelligence which, without a word of a lie, was almost human. She was the female of a pair of collies. The dog wasn't up to much. He was affectionate, devoted and beautifully made, but he lacked something. There was a kind of hesitancy about him. He never seemed quite sure of himself. We called him Colin, and the bitch Flora."

"He was tremendously devoted to her: wouldn't eat without her; followed her . . . I was on the point of saying 'followed her like a dog.' And she appeared to be quite indifferent to him. I wish you could have seen Colin when Flora had pups. He danced

attendance on her with all the slightly pathetic zeal of an anxious husband and a proud father. Flora, on the other hand, drove him away with vicious bites and wouldn't let him come near. He would sit ten yards away and whimper. Really, it was quite touching. . . . Colin would slink forward, inch by inch. Flora would ignore him until his nose touched the ground a foot away from her. Then, quick as a snake, she would snap at him. More often than not she drew blood. He always leapt away . . .



He was tremendously devoted to her

and always slunk back, pitifully whimpering. "Now at that time we used to be troubled by a fox. He played the devil with our chickens—killed dozens. Nothing we could do was enough to stop him. He came and went like a ghost. We tried to shoot him, poison him, trap him. He always got away. He was very old, mean, and cunning: mangy, wicked-looking—a most unpleasant little fox."

"The dogs couldn't catch him, either. He was always a little too subtle for them. Colin, in particular, exerted himself to get that fox. But it was quite useless. Dawn would come: chickens would lie dead, killed out of sheer blood-lust; and there was nothing we could do."

"Then one night an odd thing happened. Flora disappeared. She had simply run away. We thought that she would come back in a day or two, for she was very fond of me. In any case, dogs just don't do that kind of thing. But a week passed, and a month passed, and so we gave her up for lost. She had vanished into thin air. None of the neighbouring farmers, or their men, had seen hide or hair of her."

"Poor Colin went nearly crazy with grief and loneliness. He would not eat. He rarely slept. You could hear him gently whimpering in the place where Flora used to lie; or playing heartbreakingly with the pups."

"This went on for a week or two. Then Colin's appetite came back. It came back with a vengeance. His food disappeared, and he asked for more. He even stole food. In the face of a lifetime of rigorous training and careful discipline, the dog Colin became a thief! There were complaints. A farmer called Middlecote caught him running away with two pounds of steak. I had to punish the dog; to beat him—though I admit I

hadn't the heart to beat him very hard. He cried. It was a nasty job. I loved the animal, anyway—you know how you get over a dog."

"Many weeks passed. Colin was in corn-gible. Since the disappearance of the bitch Flora, he had gone to the bad. Nothing was safe with him. At last the worst happened—he killed a chicken. That made me sad indeed. For once a dog kills a chicken, he goes on killing chickens—he becomes a criminal dog, a killer."

"I loaded my gun: then hesitated. My wife's father had told me how, once, he had cured a chicken-killing dog—a Clumber spaniel—by showing him the dead fowl, and then beating him terribly severely. Could I do this to Colin? I hadn't the heart. *The dog—I thought—like certain men, has lost his grip on himself through the miseries of love. Better kill him for his own sake.*

"I looked for Colin. I couldn't find him.

My labourer said: 'Look there!' Colin was running towards the copse with a limp Leghorn in his jaws. I didn't want to risk wounding, hurting the poor beast. I followed, calling him; he ran faster. I saw him disappearing in the trees, and went after him.

"It was by the merest chance that I found him. He was lying on the ground with his muzzle on his fore-paws, whining very softly. Ten feet away, in a kind of sheltered burrow, lay the bitch Flora. Beside her, each in a tiny, separate hollow, lay five pups, unmistakably half-fox half-collie.

And Flora was eating the dead Leghorn. "This was where his food had gone. It had been for this that he had done outrage to his deepest canine instincts—robbed his master, betrayed his faith, thrown away his honour, sunk to theft—to feed the bitch that had ill-treated him, deserted him for the love of an enemy fox, and hated the very sight of him! A man, my friends, is a weak thing and is capable of any treachery. But a dog A dog is the incarnation of faith and decency."

"Even as I watched, Colin crept towards her. She let him approach—then snapped a bleeding tuft out of his ear. He jumped clear, lay down again, and made a heart-breaking noise like half-human weeping. She snarled: it was like a sneer.

"I raised the gun and fired—not at him but at her. She died instantly. Colin leapt to where she lay, frenziedly licking her wounds. He looked up at me. I saw something unutterably desolate in his eyes. Life was empty now, for this ruined dog. For the love of this renegade bitch he had abandoned the fruits of a thousand generations of breeding. Now she was dead. He would never do anything with a whole heart: he would slink where he had walked; the virtue was gone out of him. He was a creature that once was a dog."

"I said: 'Oh, Colin, you fool!'—and gave him the other barrel."

"Even as he fell dead his tongue went out to soothe the wounds of the bitch Flora."

"That was the first time I had wept since I was ten years old, forty years before."

We were silent. Then: "Men in a similar predicament are never lucky enough to have a friend who loves them at hand with a shotgun," said the man with shadows under his eyes.

[THE END]

Getting Married



Hughes—Michaelis



Walker—Walker



W. Dennis Moss

Sgt.-Lt. Thomas Peter Hughes, R.A., son of the late Major B. M. Hughes, of Wymondham, Norfolk, and Mrs. Ralph de Poix, of 37, Porchester Terrace, W.2, and Iris Josephine Michaelis, daughter of the late Sir Max Michaelis, and Mrs. Lilian Ibbetson, of 24, Parkside, S.W.1, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Capt. William Fitzgerald Redmayne Walker, R.A., son of Colonel and Mrs. W. E. Walker, of 32, Elmfield Road, Gosforth, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Margaret Hazel Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Walker, of 20, Hale Lane, N.W.7, were married at the Church of Annunciation, Bryanston Street



W. Dennis Moss

Sq. Leader Philip Critchell Bullock, R.A.F.O., son of the late J. Tayler Bullock, and Mrs. Bullock, and Hilda Barbara Bessie Allen, daughter of the late Sidney Allen, and Mrs. Allen, of Rodborough Lodge, near Stroud, Glos., were married at Holy Trinity, Minchinhampton



Adams—Clarke

Captain Arnold Carnac Adams, Royal Scots Fusiliers, only son of Captain J. B. Adams, R.N., and Mrs. Adams, and Angela Mary Clarke, younger daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. G. Clarke, of Barham House, Barham, Kent, were married at Barham Church, near Canterbury



Wenger-Byrne—Henderson

Lieut. Francis Wenger-Byrne, R.N.V.R., younger son of Dr. and Mrs. Patrick J. Byrne, of Elmville, Clonmel, Eire, and Lorna Henderson, daughter of the late J. A. L. Henderson, and Mrs. Henderson, of Beeston, Vine's Cross, Sussex, were married at St. George's R.C. Church, Polegate



Elwin Neame

Anne Goff is to be married shortly to Ronald Pakenham Law, son of the late Horace Law, and Mrs. Law, of 1, Great Minster Street, Winchester. Her parents are Mr. and Mrs. James C. Goff, of 85, Bedford Gardens, W.8.



Forbes—Sulikowska

Spencer M. E. Forbes, R.A., son of the late Com. S. D. Forbes, and Mrs. Forbes, of Grosvenor House, Park Lane (formerly of 8, Alexander Square, S.W.3), and Marie Teresa Sulikowska, of Warsaw, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street



Vivian Turner

Vivian Turner is the daughter of the late Major R. F. L. Turner, and Mrs. Turner, of Radley Lodge, Wimbledon Common, and is engaged to David Griffiths Hughes, son of the late W. Griffiths Hughes, and Mrs. Griffiths Hughes, of Telham, Battle, Sussex

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

THE stage was occupied by an illusionist. "I now come to my greatest sensation," he told his audience, and without another word he opened a big black box, from which there was no other apparent outlet, put a woman in it, and shut down the lid. When he opened the box again after a few passes with his hands, there was nothing inside but a couple of white rabbits.

After the performance a Scotsman went to the illusionist and asked if he could perform the trick if his (the Scotsman's) wife were placed in the box.

"Why, yes," answered the illusionist jokingly, "but are you so anxious to get rid of your wife?"

"Weel," answered the Scot, "it's no' sae much that, but wee Jock, my boy, got me to promise him twa white rabbits for his birthday."

IT was Christmas Day, and the family's gifts to one another were being unwrapped.

Mother had bought father a new tie.

"I wonder what would go best with it?" she cried coyly, as she held it up.

Father eyed the violent-coloured horror and replied briefly:

"A beard!"

"HAS this man got an account here?" asked the caller at the bank in the wild and woolly West.

"Why, yes," said the manager.

"Then why did you return his cheque to me marked 'No funds'?"

"Oh," replied the manager, "that doesn't mean this man has no funds. It means the bank has no funds."

HIS mother-in-law had written to say that she was on the way to stay with them for the duration of the war. As she approached the house she saw a large crowd. Pushing her way to the front, she gasped when she saw what a bomb had done the night before -- at the heap of bricks and ruined furniture.

"Gracious!" she cried, her face livid. "I didn't think he'd go so far as that."

A FUSSY little man entered a tea-shop, sat down at a table and eyed with disfavour a few crumbs lying there. Picking up the cloth by its four corners, he strutted to the doorway, shook the cloth into the street, returned to his table, replaced the cloth and sat down again. By this time the waitress was there for his order. Glaring at her angrily, he said: "Do you know who I am? I'm Mr. Deacon from the Hall."

"Really!" replied the girl calmly. "I thought you were Mr. Bats from the Belfry!"



"Yes, I'm sure Madam will like that one, Sir"

IN the early part of the aerial "blitz" when we took daylight raids more or less seriously, a young man and a pretty girl took refuge in a gloomy public shelter. After three-quarters of an hour or so, the couple came back into the daylight on hearing the "all clear."

"Do you know, darling," the young man whispered tenderly, "if I'd known we were going to be so long down there in the dark, I'd have kissed you."

The girl raised a surprised face to his. "Oh, wasn't it you?" she remarked casually.

THE scene was a London pub, with doors and windows and almost all the frontage blown off by a bomb, thus fully exposing to view a barman dusting the interior.

"Open, mate?" chivvied a passing Cockney.

"No," said the barman, "not till 11.30."

A TYPICAL example of the unconquerable Cockney spirit. A famous City tavern, windows shattered, has the following notice posted up where the windows once stood:

"OPEN AS USUAL"

The little tea-shop next door, windows also shattered, has gone one better, and announces cheerily

"MORE OPEN THAN USUAL"

A MEDICAL officer had called to inspect a peasant's cottage in Ireland.

"Do you think," he said sternly, "that it is healthy to have a pig living in your kitchen?"

The woman in the cottage bridled. "Sure, yer honour, he's niver had a day's illness since he came into the house."

AT the end of the consultation the patient remarked: "Do you know, doctor, there's a question I've always wanted to ask you?"

"Well, now's the time," replied the doctor, with a smile.

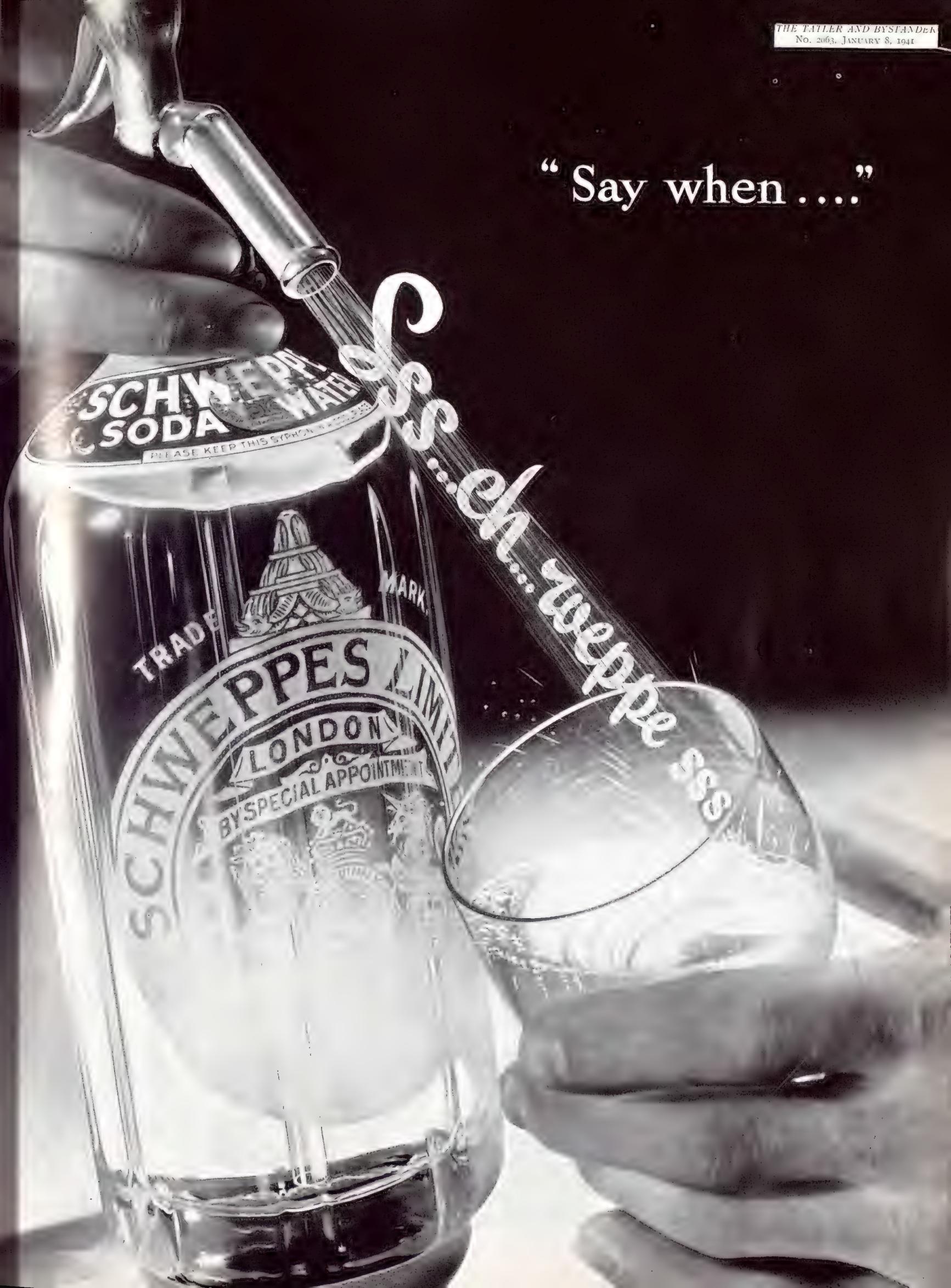
"Do you ever doctor another doctor?"

"Yes, quite often."

"Then tell me this. Does a doctor doctor a doctor the way that doctored doctor wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the other doctor his own way?"

JOCK MAC TAVISH of Aberdeen hasn't set foot out of his house since the war started. He is very short-sighted and thinks gas-masks are collecting-boxes.

“ Say when . . . ”



On Duty

Women are exceedingly particular regarding their uniforms. Not only must they be correct in every detail, but the cut and tailoring must be of a very high order of merit. No fault can ever be found with those for which Moss Bros., of King Street, Covent Garden, are famous. An illustrated booklet would be sent on application. It is an A.T.S. greatcoat which is seen on this page, a welcome addition to ordinary uniform in winter. The jacket and skirt it accompanies are made of barathea or whipcord, the shirt of taffeta or poplin, and the shoes of brown calf lined with leather



It is pleasant news that the City Fur Store has, for the duration of the war, migrated to 7 and 8 Queen's Buildings, Fishergate, Preston, Lancs. It will be recalled that prior to the war their salons were at 64 St. Paul's Churchyard. It is too late in the day to dwell on the excellent quality of their furs and their clever working of them. Suffice it to say that their high standard of workmanship is maintained. It is "baby" seal which makes the coat portrayed on this page; the cost is merely thirty guineas. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that this is a pelt that wears remarkably well; in addition, it is warm and light

Off Duty



In her Du Barry tailored woolen suit Anne shops and goes visiting without a moment's embarrassment. The patented self-adjusting skirt gives complete freedom of movement, and, like all Du Barry models, is sensible, concealing and inexpensive. This suit is only 79/6. Other models in crepe lugana from 42/- Order by post with confidence or visit our West End showrooms. Write today for beautiful folio of designs.

(Right) showing simple but ingenious expanding device, Patent No. 2911, making all Du Barry models so comfortable to wear.

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You are a very important person. The manufacturer *must* speak to you, he *must* lay his case before you. For you can't judge on merit unless you know what the merits are. You can't choose between two brands of toothpaste, two makes of soap, two brews of ale, unless you have all the facts before you. And it's because he doesn't want you to overlook a good thing, that the maker of good commodities keeps you posted with all the merits, improvements and innovations that make his goods very much worth buying. *His advertising gives you the cue.*

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26/3

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26/2

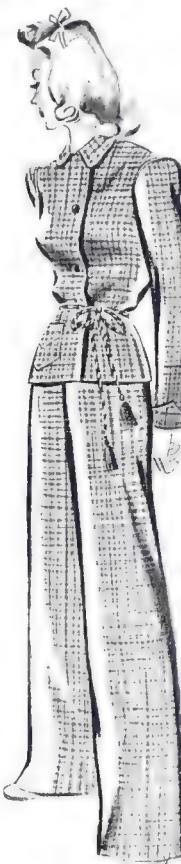
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Way of the War

(Continued from page 39)

must have reached him on this general theme since the outbreak of war.

Against this general complaint one can set the fact that committees of the War Cabinet are said to be getting through their work more rapidly than in the past. This results from the fact that the committee is now seen rather as a body of advisers to the chairman, who is empowered to take decisions and dispatch telegrams forthwith without recourse to the dilatory procedure of passing minutes back to departments and allowing matters thereafter to wend their way through "the usual channels."

At the Admiralty

THERE is revived talk of changes in the Board of Admiralty. One story going the rounds was that Sir Andrew Cunningham was to be brought back from the Mediterranean, where he has been directing fleet operations with so much dash and skill, to succeed Sir Dudley as First Sea Lord. The story doubtless arises from the fact that Sir Dudley's friends, and some of those who meet him on committees, say that he is showing increasing signs of the strain which he has borne now for some years.

At the same time one hears the name of the Third Sea Lord and Controller of the Navy, Vice-Admiral B. A. Frazer, mentioned as a possible successor. The immediate decision naturally rests with Mr. A. V. Alexander, the First Lord. But one may assume that the Prime Minister's own view would prevail in such a matter, since it is the chiefs of staff who sit in with him, as Minister of Defence, in the frequently thrice-daily meetings of the Defence Council.



Political Engagement

Miss Mary Morrison, daughter of the Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, has announced her engagement to the son of another M.P., Mr. Tom Williams, Labour Member for the Don Valley Division of Yorkshire, and Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture. Her fiancé, Mr. Horace Williams, is himself an accountant. Miss Morrison is Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Morrison's only child

Staff Work

MR. CHURCHILL keeps his chiefs of staff busy. As might be expected by any one who had followed his career he has a highly originative mind, and is constantly hitting on a new idea for

the more active prosecution of the war in some particular theatre. Ideas naturally have to be worked out by experts.

Probably the staffs would be glad to be left to get on with their work in a more routine way. But it may well be that, now and again, the country would lose the benefit of an idea which had not occurred to any one else. The question which might seem to arise is whether plans are being conceived on a sufficiently large scale or whether too much time of the senior staff is being devoted to matters of detail which should properly be handled by subordinates.

Help for Portugal

SIR RONALD CAMPBELL, our new Ambassador to Portugal, arrives with the happy advantage of being able at once to offer help and collaboration between Britain and her oldest ally. He is in London taking with him the draft of an agreement which should considerably relieve the difficulties and even hardships which Portugal, as a now belligerent, suffers through operation of the British blockade.

One of the most pleasant features of the agreement which should shortly be reached lies in the decision that Britain is prepared to accept an arrangement whereby Portugal would help to operate the major part of the control over the seaborne trade permitted by Britain to enter its ports. Portugal will also be aided by Britain to find alternative markets for the produce of its colonial empire, while she will be allowed to import a sufficient quota of various goods to meet all her internal requirements.

These arrangements, and the spirit which animates the British Government in proposing them should go far to relieve the anxieties which have obviously been oppressing Dr. Salazar. In Sir Ronald Campbell he will find, moreover, a charming companion and a man who for many years has been marked for steady promotion towards the highest diplomatic posts.

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Cap 511. To match apron 2/3½ Set 259. For semi-V neck 2/6½

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Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

ADISH o' gossip was always acceptable to a golfing ear. I am convinced that the time we spent discussing each other at championships must have added up into years.

Miss D. I. Clark still finds energy in the midst of dear knows how many war activities to give a guiding hand to the Ladies' Golf Union. The least imaginative can fancy that she will do something towards stirring up Lancashire so that they add the Golfers' "Spitfire" Trophy for the county raising the most relative to membership, to the County Shield which they won at Aldeburgh in 1938.

Getting to bed at 6 a.m., after a "bit of a do" on Merseyside is Miss Clark's lot now and again, but her characteristic comment on the situation is: "Rather luckily, I have happened to be on duty each time it's been really bad, as it's my job to be responsible for the A.R.P. casualty services, men and women, and do the 'staff work' on behalf of the M.O.H. We're lucky to be more or less on the fringe of things instead of in the middle of them. Everybody here is grand, as they're all part-time volunteers and practically every one is working like blazes during the day at their own jobs and then come on duty at night on 'Alerts.'"

Another L.G.U. official, Mrs. C. L. Smith, who so often represented Ireland in its executive, has just announced her engagement to Mr. George Townsend.

Another change of name comes from Hamp-

shire, for Mrs. Tod (who caused a mild sensation as the long-driving Miss Shirley Lamplough) has become Mrs. Don Allom, with a change too from her old county to Chorley Wood. Hertfordshire, if she stays there after the war, should find her a really valuable addition to the side.

Surrey, on the other hand, have temporarily sent a player to Hampshire. Mrs. Greenwood, of Croham Hurst, who captained Surrey II a year or so back, has just taken up an appointment as librarian at the Naval Hospital at Netley. Dr. Elsie Kyle, of the St. Andrews sisterhood, was a medical officer there at one time, specialising in eyes, so the hospital already know the capacity of the women golfers for hard work.

An ex-captain of Surrey has been equally busy in another way: Mrs. R. T. Peel, of West Byfleet, has just had a first son. Many a time and oft she used to hurry away from golf because she was due to help weigh infants and advise their mamma's at a local baby clinic, and her many friends, scattered over Scotland as well as England are thoroughly delighted to think of her turning all that knowledge to good use on a bairn of her own.

Miss Julia Hill, who shared the duties of hon. sec. of Surrey with Mrs. S. V. Hicks, is up in Newcastle-on-Tyne now; she and Miss Doris Chambers both being F.A.N.Y.'s and driving a magnificent ambulance presented by the Americans. Surrey will, even without her, set about the business of winning the Golfers' "Spitfire" Fund Trophy. A chance, even indirectly, to pip the champion county would doubtless appeal to not a few. Personally, I back nobody. Lancashire is a rich county, and judging by the generosity of those clubs where BYSTANDER Foursomes have found happy hunting grounds, they never hesitate when it is a question of putting the hand in the pocket.

OR, of course, a Scottish county may very top the list. Did not Troon achieve won for the L.G.U. International Match Fund? Is Midlothian going to sit down and let Ayrs have things their own way? I doubt it.

Talk of Scottish golfers and you inevitably think of their "wee Jessie," who holds the county championship at this moment. Every one hoped to see her as Mrs. George Valentine months ago, but instead her man is a prisoner in Germany. That means a weary wait, Miss Anderson is doing her bit and her best make time pass and the end of the war come hard work in the A.T.S. Good luck to them

BYSTANDER MONTHLY SPOONS

The result of the BYSTANDER Spoon Competition for December, and Yearly Challenge Cup for 1939 will be published in THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER of January 22.

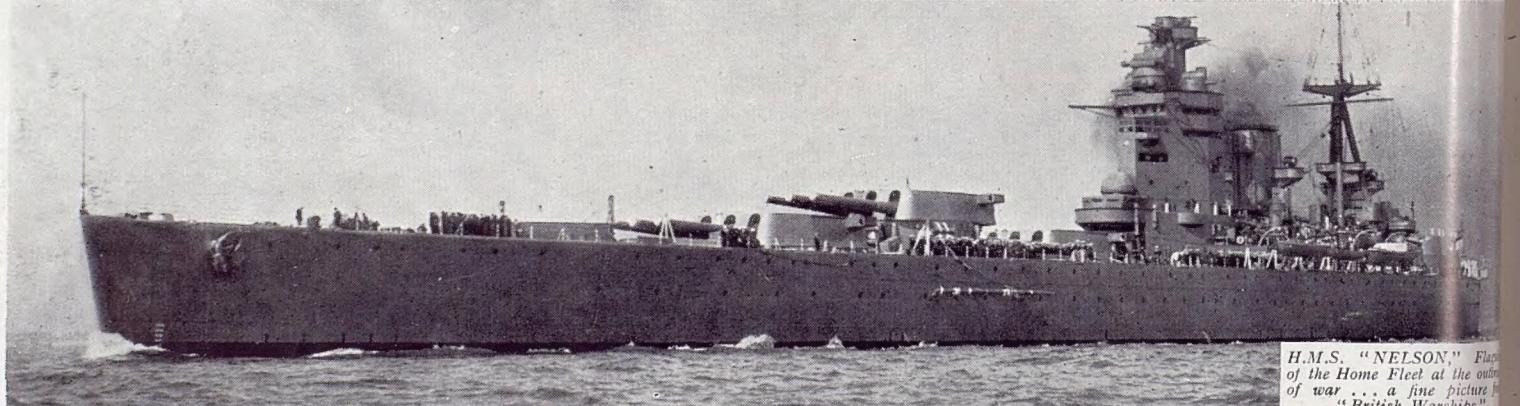
The Golf Coupon, from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any application for the BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor, THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

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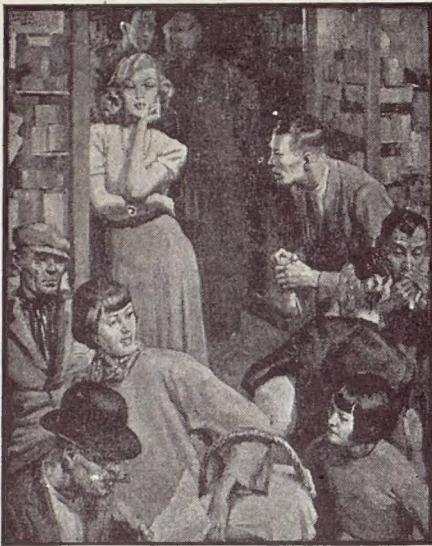
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ONE could not wonder—at any rate, nobody did wonder—that Cheng should have been smitten by Rosie, since Rosie was a rare item in the London scene. One can go about London all day for a week and seldom see a living creature. Millions of animated phantoms pass along, but only when one of the Rosies flashes by does one realise the meaning of being alive. Rosie was unmistakably alive. She was alive in eyes, fingers, brow, shoulders, and shoes, and in the electric frisk of her frock and her hair.

Even when standing still she seemed to be dancing, and in movement she was a stream of golden rain. No wonder, then, that when she answered his humble and reverent invitation by saying 'What next?' and then adding—well, perhaps she might; she'd see how she felt; it might be a bit of fun; no wonder he seemed to be knocked off the perch of life on which he had so precarious a footing. No wonder that he was apparently so bemused and distracted by those casual words that he went and bought three hundred paper roses to garnish his dwelling for her delight.

But Sway Lim was right. Cheng did not know his Rosie, or any other girl. And when the story, spread by Sway Lim, came to her that afternoon, she said: 'What!' in such a tone that if Cheng had heard it, even his slow mind might have gathered that all was not well. Decorating the front of his house, in her honour, with paper roses!"

"Roses Round the Door"

by

Thomas Burke



The Knitting Section is a regular feature. Here are TWO of the new designs in the January issue.

"It was customary at that time for rulers to grant the headship of nunneries to women of noble birth; and it often happened that they were chosen from among certain ladies who would be better out of the way.

They were not sent there to expiate their past by a life of religious piety. On the contrary, they were given free rein, and but for the high morals of the rest of the inmates, these holy places would soon have earned for themselves quite a different name.

It was as the head of a convent that Eadburga was placed by Charlemagne.

Her exceptional learning was probably her only qualification, and it was certainly the only redeeming feature of such an appointment. But the teaching she could impart was unfavourably counterbalanced by the bad example she set in her mode of life.

Nature, like the leopard, does not change its spots; and the amorous disposition of this woman, born for a life of sensual ease and pleasure, soon found a way to open her cell to an ardent lover. This lover was a countryman of hers and their meetings were so scandalously frequent that, despite the eminence of her position, Eadburga's conduct was reported to the Emperor."

"Queen Eadburga of Wessex"

written and illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

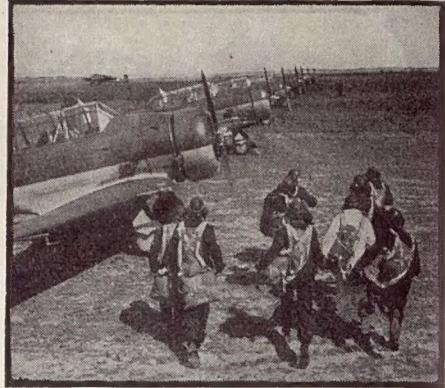


Some of the contents of the JANUARY issue which will interest the practical woman:

- "NEW YEAR OUTLOOK," by Louisa Kay.
- "CHECK UP ON YOUR LOOKS," by Chrysis.
- "CLOTHES WITH A FUTURE"—Fashions by Jean Burnup.
- "WITH NO APOLOGIES," by Winifred Lewis—whose writings are of interest to every homelover.
- "LUNCH IN THE OFFICE"—Cookery Feature by Harriet Muir.
- "PURCHASE TACTICS," by Mary Young.
- "HOUSE HOROSCOPE."
- "ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT."

All the family will enjoy:

- "THE GREEKS MEET," by Arthur Mills.
- "LOVE CAN BE WONDERFUL," by Peter Cheyney.
- "A MATTER OF PERSUASION," by Stanley Jackson.
- "TORPEDOED," by G. Pursey Phillips.
- "THE WINGED BOMB," by C. Patrick Thompson.
- "MIDDLE SEA," by C. Fox Smith.
- BOOKS—Reviewed by Noel Thompson.



"The squadron leader to whom I was talking in the mud was one of the flying instructors, some of them sergeants, others flying officers and flight lieutenants. They have an average of eight pupils each, four at a time. Promptly at 1.45 p.m. the pupils report at their respective flight on the edge of the great field. Here are the machines, and the tents where they receive their instructions, corrections and sign the authorisation book, which is the official record of the work done in the air.

These are tremendous moments for the beginner. He is about to take up his first monoplane, and on his performance in the first few days may really depend whether or not he is made an officer, a sergeant, or just a civilian again. This is a stern business. If a man is backward in flying sense, there is no time nowadays to nurse him. He is going to be a fighter pilot—or nothing.

'Let me see now,' says the squadron leader, 'you, Smith, you've had your cockpit drill, haven't you? Yes, well, come on ... we'll take 7045.'

Cockpit drill is the method by which the pupil is made spontaneously familiar with the various controls.

'I notice that you call them "machines,"' I said. 'You don't use any of the old R.F.C. slang?'

'No,' said the squadron leader seriously. 'We call them "machines" or just "aircraft."'

But twenty minutes later he was referring, I noticed, to an obsolete type as a 'ropy crate'; the Royal Air Force guards its jargon jealously.

Pupil and instructor crawled into the bright yellow 'Harvard' and in a few seconds, with an ear-splitting roar unique in modern navigation, the American machine was shooting across the field and into the air. Five minutes later it was down again."

If you have a friend in the R.A.F. you will find "Training the Fighter Pilots" intensely interesting.

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